

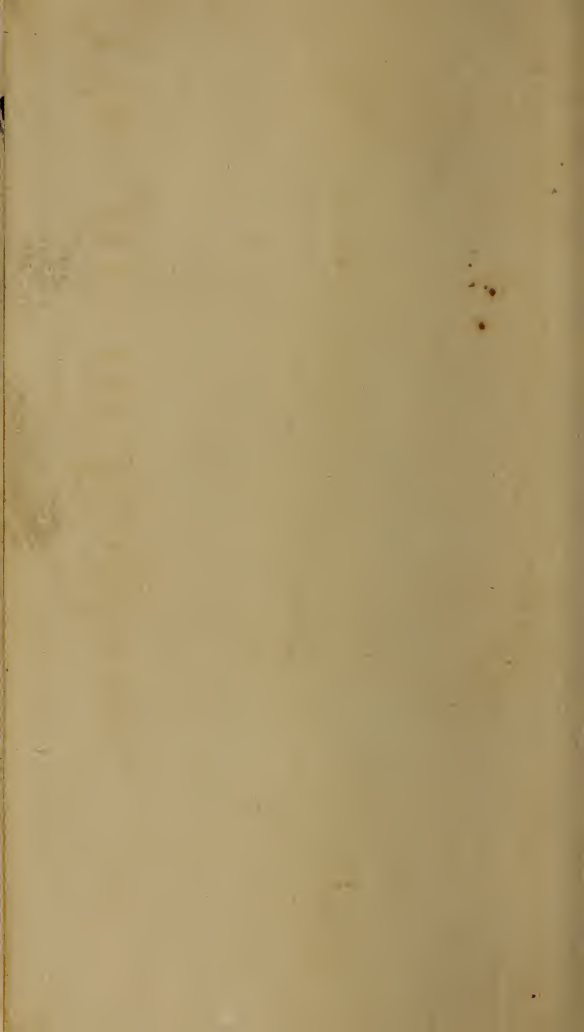


*Duplicate*



Sir John Stainer.





Innes's Edition of the  
**SONGS OF SCOTLAND,**

SELECTED  
FROM THE WORKS OF HER EMINENT POETS;  
INCLUDING THE  
**CELEBRATED JACOBITE SONGS**  
OF THE REBELLION OF  
**1745,**

**And other  
Favorites,**



**Introduced  
in the**

**LECTURES ON SCOTTISH MINSTRELSY  
BY MR. WILSON ;**

To whom this Collection is respectfully Dedicated.

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**London:**

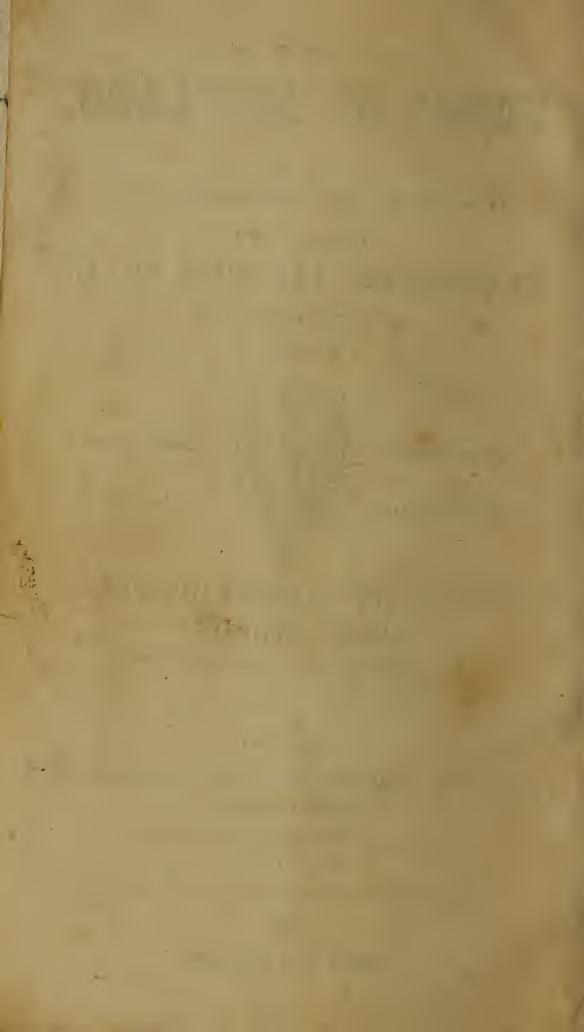
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**Price One Shilling.**



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## HERE'S A HEALTH, BONNIE SCOTLAND, TO THEE.

[Music—at Alexander Lee's.]

Come, fill me a goblet of sparkling wine,  
And fill'd to the brim it must be;  
'Tis the nectar they say of the god-heads divine,  
And I'll drink, dearest Scotland, to thee!  
Long may thy name, at dear Liberty's shrine,  
Be rank'd with the brave and the free;  
And long may'st thou in bright glory's page shine,  
Here's a health, bonnie Scotland, to thee!

Ah! can I forget thy glory of old,  
When led by the Bruce to the field?  
Against numberless foes thou didst bravely uphold,  
And forc'd the proud Southrons to yield.  
Oh, no, while I'm left, I will still drink the toast,  
So dear to the brave and the free:  
"The land of my birth," each true Scotchman's boast—  
Here's a health, bonnie Scotland, to thee!

## THE BONNIE BREAST-KNOTS.

[Music—at Lavenue & Co's.]

Hey the bonnie, ho the bonnie,  
Hey the bonnie breast-knots;  
Blythe and merry were they a',  
When they put on the breast-knots.  
There was a bridal in our town,  
And to't the lasses a' were boun',  
Wi' monie facings on their gown,  
And some o' them had breast-knots.  
Singing, hey the bonnie, &c.  
At nine o'clock the lads convene,  
Some clad in blue, some clad in green,  
Wi' sbining buckles i' their sheen,  
And flowers upon their waistcoats.

Out came the wives a' wi' applause,  
And wish'd the lassie happy days,  
And muckle thought they on her claes,  
Especially the breast-knots.  
Singing, hey the bonnie, &c

The bride she was baith young and fair;  
Her neck outshone her pearlins rare;  
A satin snood bound up her hair,  
And flowers among her breast-knots.  
The bridegroom gazed—but mair, I ween,  
He prized the glance of love's blue een,  
That made him proud o' his sweet Jean,  
When she got on her breast-knots.  
Singing, hey the bonnie, &c.

## MARY JAMIESON.

[Music—at Paterson & Roy's.]

I have lov'd thee, Mary Jamieson,  
As bridegroom loves his bride,  
I look'd nae watch, I lo'ed nae star,  
When ye were by my side.  
For my heart was aye your mailen meet,  
My love your ready fee,  
Tho' loveless haine, and hameless heart  
Are a' ye've left to me.  
Ye promis'd me your constancy,  
Ye plighted me your vow,  
Wi' looks o' deeper tenderness  
Than I can think o' now.  
But snaw upon the surgy sea,  
Or dew upon the flower,  
Melts not so soon—fleets not so fast—  
As fades love's little hour.  
At the cuckoo's time o' coming,  
Ye were wi' me at the well,  
At the swallow's time o' fittin,  
I stood lanely there mysel;  
Ye hung round me a' the simmer,  
When the bonny braes were green,  
But broken vows you've left me now,  
And stormy waves between.

## DONALD M'DONALD.

My name it is Donald M'Donald,  
 I cum frae the Highlands sae grand;  
 I've follow'd our standard, and will do,  
 As lang as my maister has land.  
 While ranked amang the blue bannets,  
 I've naething to fear ava;  
 I ken that my brithers around me  
 Will either conquer or fa'.  
 Brogues and brochen and a',  
 Brochen and brogues and a';  
 The callan is vera weel aff,  
 Wha has brogues and brochen and a'.

Short syne we were wonderfu' cantie,  
 Our friends and our countrie to see,  
 But sin' the proud Eastern's grown  
 vauntie,

We'll fecht him by land or by sea.  
 Wherever a clan is disloyal,  
 Wherever our Queen has a foe,  
 She'll quickly see Donald M'Donald,  
 Wi' his Highlandmen a' of a row!  
 Guns and pistols and a',  
 Pistols and guns and a',  
 She'll quickly, &c.

What tho' we befriended puir Charlie,  
 To tell it I dinna think shame;  
 Puir lad! he cam to us but barely,  
 And reckon'd our mountains his hame.  
 To be sure, our reason forbad us,  
 (But tenderness carried the day!)  
 Had Geordie cam friendless amang us,  
 Wi' him we had a' gane away!  
 Swords and bucklers and a',  
 Bucklers and swords and a',  
 Had Geordie, &c.

It's oh! I would eagerly press 'em  
 The keys o' the East to retain,  
 For should they gie up the possession,  
 We'll soon have to force them again.  
 Nor yield up an inch wi' dishonor,  
 Tho' it were my finishing blaw;  
 She aye may depend on M'Donald,  
 Wi' his knees, and elbows, and a'!  
 Knees, and elbows and a',  
 Elbows, and knees and a',  
 She aye may depend, &c.

Had Boney attempted Fort William,  
 Auld Europe nae langer could grane,  
 For I laugh when I think we'd hae gall'd  
 him  
 Wi' bullet, wi' steel, and wi' stane!  
 Wi' the rocks o' the Nevis and Gary  
 We'd hae rattled him aff frae the shore,  
 Or lull'd him to sleep in a cairnie,  
 And sung him 'Lochaber no more!  
 Stanes and bullets, and a',  
 Bullets and stanes, and a';

We'd hae finish'd the Corsican callan,  
 Wi' stanes and bullets, and a'!

The Gordon is guid in a hurry,  
 The Campbell is steel to the bane,  
 The Grant, and M'Kenzie, and Murray,  
 And Cameron, will burkle to nane!  
 The Stuart is sturdie and wannell,  
 And sae is M'Leod and M'Kay;  
 And I, their guid brither, M'Donald,  
 Shall ne'er be the last in a fray!  
 Brogues and brochen and a',  
 Brochen and brogues and a';  
 Then aye for the bonnie blue bannet,  
 The kilt and the feather, and a'!  
 (Hogg.)

## BROOM O' COWDENKNOWS.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

How blithe was I each morn to see  
 My swain come o'er the hill!  
 He leap'd the brook, and flew to me,  
 I met him wi' good will.

## CHORUS.

O the broom, the bonnie broom,  
 The broom o' Cowdenknows;  
 I wish I were wi' my dear swain,  
 Wi' his pipe and my ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,  
 While his flocks near me lay;  
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,  
 And cheer'd me a' the day.

He tuned his pipe and reed sae sweet,  
 The birds stood list'ning by;  
 The fleecy sheep stood still and gazed,  
 Charm'd wi' his melody.

While thus we spent our time, by turns,  
 Betwixt our flocks and play,  
 I envied not the fairest dame,  
 Though e'er sae rich and gay.

Hard fate! that I should banish'd be,  
 Gang heavily, and mourn,  
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain  
 That ever yet was born.

He did oblige me every hour;  
 Could I but faithful be?  
 He staw my heart—could I refuse  
 Whate'er he ask'd o' me?

My doggie, and my little kit,  
 That held my wee soup whey,  
 My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,  
 Maun now lie useless by.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu!  
 Fareweel a' pleasures there;  
 Ye gods! restore me to my swain,  
 It's a' I crave or care.

## WELCOME, ROYAL CHARLIE!

[Music—at D'Almaine &amp; Mackinlay's.]

O welcome, Charlie, owre the main,  
 The Highland hills are a' your ain,  
 Thrice welcome to our isle again,  
 Our gallant royal Charlie!  
 Auld Scotia's sons, 'mang heather hills,  
 Can, fearless, face the warst o' ills,  
 For kindred-fire ilk bosom fills,  
 At sight o' royal Charlie.  
 Her ancient thistle wags her pow,  
 And proudly waves owre hill and  
 knowe,  
 To hear our pledge and sacred vow,  
 To live or die wi' Charlie.

## CHORUS.

O, but ye've been lang o' coming,  
 Lang o' coming, lang o' coming;  
 O, but ye've been lang o' coming,—  
 Welcome, royal Charlie!  
 We daurna brew a peck o' maut,  
 But Geordie aye is finding faut;  
 We canna mak a pickle saut,  
 For want o' royal Charlie.  
 Then up and quaff, alang wi' me,  
 A bumper, crown'd wi' three times  
 three,  
 To him that's come to set us free;  
 Huzza for royal Charlie!  
 O, but ye've, &c.  
 Among the wilds o' Caledon,  
 Breathes there a base degenerate son,  
 Who wadna to his standard run,  
 And rally round Prince Charlie?  
 Then let the flowing quech go round,  
 And boldly bid the pibroch sound,  
 Till every glen and rock resound  
 The name o' royal Charlie!  
 O but ye've, &c.

## HELEN OF KIRKCONNEL.

[Music—at Monry &amp; May's.]

O that I were where Helen lies!  
 Night and day on me she cries;  
 O that I were where Helen lies,  
 In fair Kirkconnel lee!  
 O Helen fair, beyond compare,  
 A ringlet of thy flowing hair  
 I'll wear it still for evermair,  
 Until the day I die!  
 I wish my grave was growing green,  
 A winding sheet put o'er my een,  
 And I for aye with Helen lying,  
 In fair Kirkconnel lee!  
 I wish I were, &c.

WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHAR-  
LIE?

[Music—at D'Almaine &amp; Mackinlay's.]

The news frae Moidart cam' yestreen,  
 Will soon gar mony ferlie;  
 That ships o' war hae just come in,  
 And landed royal Charlie!  
 Come through the heather, around him  
 gather;  
 Ye're a' the welcomer early:  
 Around him cling wi' a' your kin;  
 For wha'll be king but Charlie?  
 Come through the heather, around him  
 gather,  
 Come Ronald, come Donald, come a'  
 thegither;  
 And crown your rightfu', lawfu' king,  
 For wha'll be king but Charlie?  
 The Highland clans, wi' sword in han',  
 Frae John o' Groats to Airly,  
 Hae to a man declar'd to stand,  
 Or fa', wi' royal Charlie.  
 Come through, &c.  
 The Lowlands a', baith great an' sma',  
 Wi' mony a lord an' laird, hae  
 Declar'd for Scotia's king an' law,  
 An' spier ye wha but Charlie.  
 Come through, &c.  
 There's ne'er a lass in a' the land,  
 But vows baith late and early,  
 To man she'll ne'er gie heart or hand,  
 Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.  
 Come through, &c.  
 Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,  
 And be't complete, and early;  
 His very name my heart's blood  
 warms:  
 To arms for royal Charlie!  
 Come through, &c.

MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED,  
RED ROSE.

[Music—at Z. T. Purday's.]

O, my love is like a red, red rose,  
 That's newly sprung in June;  
 O, my love is like a melodie,  
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.  
 As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
 So deep in love am I;  
 And I will love thee still, my dear,  
 Till a' the seas gang dry.  
 Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
 And rocks melt wi' the sun;  
 And I will love thee still, my dear,  
 While the sands o' life shall run.

Then fare-thee-weel, my only love;  
And fare-thee-weel awhile;  
And I will come again, my love,  
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.  
(Burns.)

### WHA WADNA FECHT FOR CHARLIE?

Wha wadna fecht for Charlie?  
Wha wadna draw the sword?  
Wha wadna up and rally  
At the royal Prince's word?  
Think on Scotia's ancient heroes,  
Think on foreign foes repell'd—  
Think on glorious Bruce and Wallace,  
Wha the proud usurpers quell'd.  
Wha wadna fecht, &c.

See the northern clans advancing!  
See Glengarry and Lochiel!  
See the brandish'd broadswords glancing!  
Highland hearts are true as steel.  
Now our Prince has rais'd his banner,  
Now triumphant is our cause:  
Now the Scottish lion rallies,  
Let us strike for Prince and laws!  
O, wha wadna fecht, &c.

### I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN.

I hae a wife o' my ain,  
I'll partake wi' naebody;  
I'll tak cuckold frae nane,  
I'll gie cuckold to naebody.  
I hae a penny to spend,  
There—thanks to naebody;  
I hae naething to lend,  
I'll borrow frae naebody.  
I am naebody's lord,  
I'll be slave to naebody;  
I hae a guid braid sword,  
I'll tak dunts frae naebody.  
I'll be merry and free,  
I'll be sad for naebody;  
If naebody care for me,  
I'll care for naebody. (Burns.)

### BOAT ME O'ER TO CHARLIE.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er,  
Come boat me o'er to Charlie;  
I'll gie John Ross anither bawbee,  
To ferry me o'er to Charlie.

### CHORUS.

We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,  
We'll o'er the water to Charlie.

Come weel, come woe, we'll gather  
and go,  
And live or die wi' Charlie.

It's weel I lo'e my Charlie's name,  
Though some there be abhor him;  
But, O! to see Auld Nick gaun hame,  
And Charlie's faes before him!

I swear by moon and stars sae bright,  
And sun that glances early,  
If I had twenty thousand lives,  
I'd gie them a' for Charlie.

I ance had sons, but now hae nane;  
I bred them, toiling sairly;  
And I wad bear them a' again,  
And lose them a' for Charlie.

### ANNIE LAURIE.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

Maxwelton braes are bonnie,  
Where early fa's the dew,  
And its there that Annie Laurie  
Gied me her promise true.  
Gied me her promise true—  
Which ne'er forgot will be,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,  
Her neck is like the swan,  
Her face it is the fairest  
That e'er the sun shone on.  
That e'er the sun shone on—  
And dark blue is her ee,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,  
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,  
And like winds, in simmer sighing,  
Her voice is low and sweet.  
Her voice is low and sweet—  
And she's a' the world to me;  
And for bonny Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doune and dee.

### O, THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

O this is no my ain house,  
I ken by the biggin o't;  
For bow-kail thrive at my door-cheek,  
And thristles on the riggin o't.  
A carle came wi' lack o' grace,  
Wi' unco gear and unco face,  
And sin' he claim'd my daddie's place,  
I downa bide the trigging o't.  
O this is no, &c.

Wi' routh o' kin and routh o' reek,  
My daddy's door it wadna steek;  
But bread and cheese were his door-  
cheek,

And girdle-cakes the rigging o't.  
O, this is no, &c.

Then was it dink, or was it dounce,  
For ony cringin', foreign goose  
To claucht my daddy's wee bit house,  
And spoil the hamely triggin o't.  
O, this is no, &c.

Say, was it foul, or was it fair,  
To come a hunder mile and mair,  
For to ding out my daddy's heir,  
And dash him wi' the whiggin' o't?  
O, this is no, &c.

### ROW WEEL, MY BOATIE.

[Music—at Cramer, Addison & Beale's.]

Row weel, my boatie, row weel;  
Row weel, my merry men a';  
For there's dool and there's wae in  
Glenflorich's bowers,  
And there's grief in my father's ha'.

And the skiff it danc'd light on the  
merry wee waves,  
And it flew owre the water sae blue;  
And the wind it blew light, and the  
moon it shown bright,  
But the boatie ne'er reach'd Allandhu!

Oh hon! for fair Ellen, oh hon!  
Oh hon! for the pride of Strathcoe;  
In the deep, deep sea, in the salt, salt  
bree,  
Lord Reoch, thy Ellen lies low!

### BONNY PRINCE CHARLIE.

[Music—at Robertson's.]

Cam ye by Athole, lad wi' the phila-  
beg,

Down by the Tummel, or banks of  
the Garry?

Saw ye my lad, wi' his bonnet and  
white cockaud,

Leaving his mountains to follow  
Prince Charlie?

Charlie, Charlie! wha wadna follow  
thee?

Lang hast thou lov'd and trusted us  
fairly!

Charlie, Charlie! wha wadna follow  
thee?

King of the Highland hearts, bonny  
Prince Charlie!

I hae but ae son, my brave young  
Donald!

But, if I had ten, they should follow  
Glengarry:

Health to M'Donald and gallant Clan-  
Ronald,

For they are the lads that wad die for  
Prince Charlie!

Charlie, Charlie, &c.

Down through the Lowlands, down wi'  
the Whigamore!

Loyal true Highlanders, down wi'  
them rarely!

Ronald and Donald, drive on with the  
braid claymore,

Over the necks of the foes of Prince  
Charlie!

Charlie, Charlie, &c.

### MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

[Music—at Monro & May's]

My love she's but a lassie yet,  
My love she's but a lassie yet;

We'll let her stand a year or twa,  
She'll na' be hauf sae saucy yet.

I rue the day I sought her, O,  
I rue the day I sought her, O;

Wha gets her need na' say he's  
woo'd,

But he may say he's bought her, O!

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,  
Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;

Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will,  
But here I never miss'd it yet.

We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,  
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;

The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,  
He could na' preach for thinking

o't.

### LOONS, YE MAUN GAE HAME.

It's here awa', there awa', how they did  
rin,

When they saw the clans march, and  
in earnest begin:

It's here awa', there awa', how they did  
flee,

When they heard that Prince Charlie  
was cum o'er the sea;

It's loons, ye maun gae hame!

They got to their feet just as sure as a  
gun,

Whene'er they heard Charlie to Scot-  
land was come:



"Haste, haste ye awa'," quo' the auld  
wives wi' glee,  
"O joy to the day Charlie cam o'er the  
sea,"

An', loons, ye maun gae hame!

Whigs, fare ye a' weel, ye may  
scamper awa',  
For haith, here nae langer ye'll whip  
and ye'll ca'!

Nae mair look on Scotland wi' lichtlifu'  
ee,

For Charlie at last he has cum o'er the  
sea,—

An', loons, ye maun gae hame!

Our lang Scottish miles they will tire  
ye richt sair,

An' aiblins in mosses and bogs ye will  
lair;

But rest and be thankfu' gin hame ye  
may see,

I rede ye that Charlie has cum o'er the  
sea,—

An', loons, ye maun gae hame!

### BONNIE WEE THING.

[Music—at Coventry & Hollier's.]

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,  
Lovely wee thing, wast thou mine,  
I wad wear thee in my bosom,  
Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wishfully I look and languish,  
In that bonnie face o' thine;  
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,  
Lest my wee thing be na' mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,  
In ae constellation shine;

To adore thee is my duty,  
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!

Bonnie wee thing, &c. (Burns.)

### CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

O! Charlie is my darling,  
My darling, my darling;  
O! Charlie is my darling,  
The young Chevalier.

'Twas on a Monday morning,  
Right early i' the year,  
When Charlie cam to our town,  
The young Chevalier.

(Chorus)—Charlie is, &c.

As he cam marching up the street,  
The pipes play'd loud and clear;

And a' the folks cam runnin' out  
To meet the Chevalier.

Wi' Highland bonnets on their heads,  
And claymores bright and clear,  
They cam to fecht for Scotland's right,  
And the young Chevalier.

They've left their bonnie Highland  
hills,

Their wives and bairnies dear,  
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,  
The young Chevalier

O! there were monie beating hearts,  
And monie hopes and fears;  
And mony were the prayers put up  
For the young Chevalier.

### CHARLIE CAM TO OUR LAIRD'S CASTLE.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Charlie cam to our laird's castle,  
An' loudly he did ca';  
An' Charlie sat in our laird's chair,  
Wi' bonnet on, an' a'.

His plaid was bound wi' siller belt,  
An' to his knee cam down;  
He look'd like nane but Scotland's king,  
Sae worthy o' the crown!

An' wi' him our brave laird maun gae;  
For him he's clench'd his brand;  
An' be it weel or be it wae,  
The word is, "Fair Scotland!"

### PRINCE CHARLIE HE'S CUM FRAE FRANCE.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Prince Charlie he's cum frae France,  
In Scotland to proclaim his daddie,  
May Heaven still his cause advance,  
And shield him in his Highland  
plaidie.

Oh, my bonny Highland laddie!  
My charming, handsome Highland  
laddie!

May Heaven, &c.

First when he cam to view our land,  
The gracefu' look o' the Prince  
Laddie

Made a' our true Scots' hearts to warm,  
And blythe to wear the tartan  
plaidie.

O, the bonny, &c

But when his foes were told the news,  
How he was cum afore his daddie,  
They thretty thousand pounds would  
gie,  
To catch him in his Highland plaidie.  
O, the bonny, &c.

But tho' the Highland folks are puir,  
Yet O! their hearts are leal and  
steady;  
And there's no ane amang them a',  
That wad betray their Highland lad-  
die!  
O, the bonny, &c.

### JOHNNIE COPE.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's]  
Cope wrote a challenge from Dunbar,  
"Come, fecht me, Charlie, an' ye daur;  
An' I'll learn ye the art o' war,  
If you'll meet me i' the mornin'."

#### CHORUS.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin yet?  
Or are ye're drums a-beating yet?  
If ye were waukin, I wad wait  
To gang to the coals i' the mornin'!

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,  
He drew his sword the scabbard from:  
"So heaven restore to me my ain,  
I'll meet ye, Cope, i' the mornin'."

It was upon an afternoon  
Sir Johnnie march'd to Preston Town;  
He says, "My lads, come lean you  
down,  
And we'll fight the boys i' the  
mornin'."

But when he saw the Highland lads,  
Wi' tartan trews and white cockaids,  
Wi' swords an' guns, and rungs, and  
gauds,  
O Johnnie, he took wing i' the  
mornin'.

Sir Johnnie into Berwick rade,  
Just as the devil had been his guide;  
Gien him the warld he would na' stay'd  
To fecht the lads i' the mornin'.

When Johnnie Cope to Berwick came,  
They spier t o' him, "Where's a' your  
men?"

"The deil confound me gin I ken,  
For I left 'em a' i' the mornin'!"

"Now, Johnnie, troth ye are na blate,  
To come wi' the news o' your ain  
defeat,

And leave your men in sic a strait  
Sae early i' the mornin'."

"Oh! faith," quo' Johnnie, "I got my  
flegs,  
Wi' their claymores, an' dirks an'  
philabegs:  
If I face them again, de'il break my  
legs—  
So I wish you a vera gude mornin'."

### BLYTHE, BLYTHE, AND MERRY WAS SHE.

[Music—at Monro & May's.]

Blythe, blythe, an' merry was she,  
Blythe was she but an' ben;  
Blythe by the banks of Earn,  
An' blither in Glenturet glen.

By Ouchtertyre grows the aik,  
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;  
But Phemie was a bonnier lass  
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.  
Blythe, blythe, &c.

Her looks were like a flower in May,  
Her smile was like a simmer morn;  
She tripped by the banks of Earn,  
As light's a bird upon a thorn.  
Blythe, blythe, &c.

Her bonnie face it was as meek  
As ony lamb upon a lee;  
The e'ening sun was ne'er sae sweet  
As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.  
Blythe, blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd  
wide,  
And o'er the Lowlands I hae been;  
But Phemie was the blythest lass  
That ever trode the dewy green.  
Blythe, blythe, &c. (Burns.)

### THE WOMEN ARE A' GANE WUD.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

The women are a' gane wud!  
O, that he had bidden awa'!  
He's turn'd their heads, the lad,  
An' ruin will bring on us a'!

I aye was a peaceable man,  
My wife she did doucely behave;  
But now, do a' that I can,  
She's just as wild as the lave!  
(Chorus)—The women, &c.

My wife she wears the cockauid,  
Tho' she kens 'tis the thing that I  
hate;  
There's ane, too, preen'd on her maid!  
An' baith will tak their ain gate.

I've liv'd a' my days i' the strath,  
Now Tories infest me at hame;  
n' tho' I tak nae part at a',  
Baith sides do gie me the blame!

The wild Highland lads they did pass,  
The yetts wide open did flee;  
They eat the vera house bare,  
And spier't nae leave o' me!

But when the red coats gaed by,  
D'ye think they'd let 'em alano?  
They aye the louder did cry,  
"Prince Charlie will soon get his  
ain!"

### MY AIN FIRESIDE.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

O, I hae seen great anes, and sat in  
great ha's,  
'Mang lords and 'mang ladies a' cover'd  
wi' braws;  
At feasts made for princes, wi' princes  
I've been,  
Whar the grand shine o' splendour has  
dazzled my een:  
But a sight sae delightful, I trow, I  
ne'er spied,  
As the bonnie blithe blink o' my ain  
fireside!  
My ain fireside! my ain fireside!  
O, sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside!  
Ance mair (Heav'n be praised!) round  
my ain heartsome ingle,  
Wi' the frien's o' my youth, I cordially  
mingle;  
Nae force now upon me, to seem wae  
or glad,  
I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh  
when I'm sad.  
My ain fireside, &c.

Nae falsehood to dread, nae malice to  
fear,  
But truth to delight me, and kindness to  
cheer;  
O' a' roads to pleasure that ever were  
tried,  
There's nane half sae sure as ane's  
ain fireside!  
My ain fireside, &c.

(Hamilton.)

### ALLISTER M'ALLISTER.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

O, Allister M'Allister,  
Your chanter sets us a' asteer;  
'Then to your pipes and blaw wi' birr,  
We'll dance the Highland fling.

To Allister, wham ilk ane likes,  
They thrang like bumblees frae their  
bikes;  
The lads and lasses loup the dykes,  
And gather on the green.  
O, Allister, &c.

The miller Rab was fidgeting fain  
To dance the Highland fling his lane,  
He lap and danced wi' might and  
main,  
The like was never seen.  
O, Allister, &c.

As round about the ring he whuds,  
He cracks his thumbs, and shaks his  
duds;  
The meal flew frae his tail in cluds,  
And blinded a' their een.  
O, Allister, &c.

Neist, racklehanded smithy Jock,  
A' blacken'd o'er wi' coom and smoke,  
Wi' blethrin bleer-ee'd Bess did yoke,  
That harum-scarum quean.  
O, Allister, &c.

He shook his doublets i' the wind,  
His feet like hammers strak the grun',  
The very moudieworts were stunn'd,  
Nor ken'd what could it mean.  
O, Allister, &c.

Now Allister has done his best,  
And weary stumps are needin' rest,  
Besides, with drouth they're sair dis-  
tress'd  
Wi' dancing sae, I ween.  
O, Allister, &c.

I trow the gauntress got a lift,  
An' round the bickers flew like drift;  
An' Allister that very nicht  
Could scarcely stand his lane.  
O, Allister, &c.

### WILL YE GANG WI' ME, LIZZIE LINDSAY?

[Music—at Cramer, Addison & Beale's.]

"Will ye gang wi' me, Lizzie Lind-  
say?"

Will ye gang to the Highlands wi'  
me?

Will ye gang wi' me, Lizzie Lindsay,  
My bride and my darling to be?"

"To gang to the Highlands wi' you,  
sir,

I dinna ken how that may be;  
For I ken nae the land that ye live in,  
Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'."



"O Lizzie, lass, ye maun ken little,  
If sae be ye dinna ken me;  
For my name is Lord Ronald M'Donald,  
A chieftain of high degree."

She has kilted her coats o' green satin,  
She has kilted them up to the knee,  
An' she's aff wi' Lord Ronald M'Donald,  
His bride an' his darling to be.

### O, WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

O, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,  
And Rob and Allan cam' to prie;  
Three blither hearts, that lee-lang  
night,

Ye wadna find in Christendie.  
We are na' fu', we're na' that fu',  
But just a drappie in our ee;  
The cock may crawl, the day may da',  
But ay we'll taste the barley brie.

Here are we met, three merry boys,  
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;  
And mony a night we've merry been,  
And mony mair we hope to be.  
We are na' fu', &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,  
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;  
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,  
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!  
We are na' fu', &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',  
A cuckold, coward loon is he!  
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',  
He is the king amang us three.  
We are na' fu', &c.

(Burns.)

### WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

A wee bird came to our ha' door,  
It warbled sweet and clearlie;  
And aye the owrecome o' its sang  
Was, "Wae's me for Prince Char-  
lie!"

Oh, when I heard the bonny, bonny  
bird,  
The tears came drapping rarely;  
I took my bannet aff my head,  
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quo' I, "My bird, my bonny, bonny  
bird,  
Is that a tale ye borrow?

Or is't some words ye've learn'd by  
rote,

Or a lilt of dule and sorrow?"

"Oh, na', na', na', the wee bird sang,  
I've flown sin' morning early;  
But sic a day o' wind and rain!  
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

"On hills that are by right his ain,  
He roams a lonely stranger;  
On ilka hand he's press'd by want,  
On ilka side by danger.

Yestreen I met him in a glen,  
My heart near bursted fairly;  
For sadly changed indeed was he!  
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

"Dark night came on, the tempest  
howl'd

Out owre the hills and vallies;"

"And whar' was't that your Prince lay  
down,

Wha's hame should be a palace?"

"He row'd him in a Highland plaid,  
Which cover'd him but sparely;  
And slept beneath a bush o' broom,—  
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

But now the bird saw some red-coats,  
And he shook his wings wi' anger:

"O, this is na' a land for me,  
I'll tarry here nae langer!"

Awhile he hover'd on the wing,  
Ere he departed fairly;  
But weel I mind the fareweel strain  
Was, "Wae's me for Prince Char-  
lie!"

### O, POORTITH CAULD!

(Air—"I had a horse.")

O, poortith cauld, and restless love,  
Ye wreck my peace between ye!

Yet poortith a' I could forgive,  
An' twere na' for my Jeanie.

O why should fate sic pleasure have,  
Life's dearest bands untwining?

Or why sae sweet a flower as love,  
Depend on Fortune's shining?

This world's wealth when I think on,  
Its pride, and a' the lave o't;

Fie! fie on silly coward man,  
That he should be the slave o't!

O why, &c.

Her een sae bonnie blue betray  
How she repays my passion;

But prudence is her owreword ay,  
She talks o' rank and fashion.

O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,  
And sic a lassie by him?  
O wha can prudence think upon,  
And sae in love as I am?  
O why, &c.

How blest the humble cotter's fate!  
He woos his simple deary;  
The silly bogles, wealth and state,  
Can never mak them eerie!  
O why, &c. (Burns.)

### WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Wilt thou be my dearie?  
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,  
O wilt thou let me cheer thee?  
By the treasure of my soul,  
And that's the lo'e I bear thee,  
I swear and vow that only thou  
Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;  
And if thou winna be my ain,  
O say na' thou'll refuse me!  
If it mauna, canna be,  
That thou for thine may choose me,  
Then let me, Jeanie, quickly die,  
Ay trusting that thou lo'es me.

Flower of beauties, hear me!  
And dinna treat me wi' disdain—  
A' ither ills I fear na',  
Gin thou wad only smile on him  
Could part wi' life to please thee;  
Of joys on earth I'll ask nae mair,  
Gin thou wilt be my dearie.

### THERE ARE TWA BONNY MAIDENS.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

There are twa bonny maidens, and  
three bonny maidens,  
Come o'er the Minch, and come o'er  
the main,  
With the wind for their way, and the  
corrie for their hame,  
And they are dearly welcome to  
Skye again.  
Come along, come along, with your  
boatie and your song,  
You twa bonny maidens, and three  
bonny maidens;  
For the nicht it is dark, and the red-  
coat is gane,  
And you are bravely welcome unto  
Skye again.

There is Flora my honey, so dear and  
so bonny,  
And one that is tall, and comely  
withal;  
Put the one as my king, and the other  
as my queen,  
And they are dearly welcome to Skye  
again.  
Come along, &c.

Her arm it is strong, and her petticoat  
is long,  
My ain bonny maiden, my twa bonny  
maidens;  
But their bed shall be clean on the  
heather sae green,  
And they are dearly welcome to Skye  
again.  
Come along, &c.

### JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

"Why weep ye by the tide, lady,  
Why weep ye by the tide?  
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,  
And ye sall be his bride;  
And ye sall be his bride, lady,  
Sae comely to be seen;"  
But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilful grief be done,  
And dry that cheek sae pale,  
Young Frank is chief of Errington,  
And lord of Langley-dale;  
His step is first in peaceful ba',  
His sword in battle keen:"  
But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,  
Nor braid to bind your hair;  
Nor mettled hounds, nor manag'd  
hawk,  
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;  
And you the foremost o' them a',  
Shall ride our bridal queen:"  
But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,  
The tapers glimmer'd fair;  
The priest and bridegroom wait the  
bride,  
And dame and knight are there.  
They sought her baith by bower and  
ha',  
The lady was not seen:  
She's o'er the border, and awa'  
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean!  
(Sir Walter Scott.)

# I'LL GANG NAE MAIR TO YON TOWN.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

I'll gang nae mair to yon town,  
Betide me joy, betide me pain;  
I've tint my heart in yon town,  
And dare na gang the gate again.  
The sun shall cease to thowe the snaw,  
The corn to shoot wi' simmer rain,  
When I gang back to yon town,  
And see the gate my heart has gane.

Yestreen I went to yon town,  
Wi' heart in pleasure panting free,  
As stag won from the hunter's snare,  
Or birdie building on the tree;  
But ae half-hour tint all my peace,  
And lair'd my soul in dool and pain,  
And weary fa' the witchcraft wit  
That winna let it free again.

Had I but been by fortune's hand  
In the silk lap o' grandeur thrown,  
And she had trimmed the humblest  
home

That ever rose in Caledon;  
I'd clad her in a starry robe,  
And clasp her to my bosom fain;  
And blest the happy hour I went  
To see the mirthsome town again.

She's fairer than a simmer morn,  
And purer than the spotless sky;  
Far is the journey to her heart  
She measures in her haughty eye.  
But she is sweeter than the rose  
New bathed amang the balmy rain;  
And I maun gang to yon town,  
And see the lovesome maid again.

# SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'.

(Tune—"Onagh's Waterfall.")

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,  
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,  
Bewitchingly o'er-arching  
Twa laughing e'en o' bonny blue.  
Her smiling, sae wiling,  
Wad mak a wretch forget his wo;  
What pleasure, what treasure,  
Unto these rosy lips to grow!  
Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,  
When first her bonnie face I saw;  
And aye, my Chloris' dearest charm—  
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;  
Her pretty ancle is a spy,  
Betraying fair proportion,  
Wad mak a saint forget the sky.

Sae warming, sae charming,  
Her faultless form and gracefu' air;  
Ilk feature—auld Nature  
Declar'd that she could do nae mair!  
Her's are the willing chains o' love,  
By conq'ring beauty's sov'reign law;  
And aye, my Chloris' dearest charm—  
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,  
And gaudy show at sunny noon;  
Gie me the lonely valley,  
The dewy eve and rising moon.  
Fair beaming, and streaming,  
Her silver light the boughs amang;  
While falling, recalling,  
The amorous thrush concludes his  
sang:

There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove  
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,  
And hear my vows of truth and love,  
And say thou lo'es me best of a'.

(Burns.)

# THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

[Music—at Z. T. Purday's.]

And are ye sure the news is true,  
And are ye sure he's weel?  
Is this a time to talk o' wark?  
Make haste, set by your wheel!  
Is this a time to talk o' wark,  
When Colin's at the door?  
Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quay,  
And see him come ashore.  
For there's nae luck about the house,  
There's nae luck at a';  
There's little pleasure in the house,  
When our gudeman's awa.

Rise up, and mak a clean fire-side,  
Put on the meikle pot;  
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,  
And Jock his Sunday coat:  
And make their shoon as black as  
slaes,  
Their hose as white as snaw;  
It's a to please my ain gudeman,  
For he's been lang awa.  
For there's nae luck, &c.

There are twa fat hens upon the bauk,  
They've fed this month and mair;  
Mak haste, and thraw their necks  
about,  
That Colin weel may fare:  
And spread the table neat and clean,  
Gar ilka thing look braw;  
It's a' for love o' my gudeman,  
For he's been long awa.  
For there's nae luck, &c.

O gie my down my bigonets,  
 My bishop-satin gown,  
 For I maun tell the bailie's wife,  
 That Colin's come to town :  
 My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,  
 My hose o' pearly blue,  
 Its a' to please my ain gudeman,  
 For he's baith leal and true.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true's his word, sae smooth's his  
 speech,  
 His breath's like caller air,  
 His very foot has music in 't,  
 When he comes up the stair.  
 And will I see his face again ?  
 And will I hear him speak ?  
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,  
 In troth, I'm like to greet.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,  
 That thirl'd a' thro' my heart,  
 They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,  
 Till death we'll never part.  
 But what puts parting in my head ?  
 It may be far awa ;  
 The present moment is our ain,  
 The neist we never saw.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,  
 I hae nae mair to crave ;  
 Could I but live to mak him blest,  
 I'm blest aboon the lave.  
 And will I see his face again ?  
 And will I hear him speak ?  
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,  
 In troth, I'm like to greet.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.  
 (W. J. Mickle.)

#### FLORA M'DONALD'S LAMENT.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Far over yon hills of the heather so  
 green,  
 And down by the corry that sings to  
 the sea,  
 The bonny young Flora sat sighing her  
 lane,  
 The dew on her plaid, and the tear in  
 her e'e.  
 She look'd at a boat with the breezes  
 that swung  
 Away on the wave, like a bird of the  
 main ;  
 And aye, as it lessen'd, she sigh'd and  
 she sung,  
 " Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er  
 see again !

Fareweel to my hero, the gallant and  
 young !

Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see  
 again !

" The moorcock that craws on the brow  
 of Ben-Connal,  
 He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy  
 hame ;

The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs o'  
 Clan-Ronald,  
 Unawed and unhunted, his eiry can  
 claim.

The solan can sleep on his shelve of the  
 shore,

The cormorant roost on his rock of  
 the sea ;

But, oh ; there is ane whase hard fate I  
 deplore—

Nor house, ha', nor hame, in his  
 country has he !

The conflict is past, and our name is  
 no more :

There's nought left but sorrow for  
 Scotland and me !

" The target is torn from the arms of  
 the just,

The helmet is cleft on the brow of  
 the brave ;

The claymore for ever in darkness must  
 rust,

But red is the sword of the stranger  
 and slave ;

The hoof of the horse, and the foot of  
 the proud,

Have trode o'er the plumes on the  
 bonnet of blue ;

Why slept the red bolt in the breast of  
 the cloud,

When tyranny revell'd in blood of the  
 true ?

Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant  
 and good !

The crown of thy fathers is torn from  
 thy brow !"

#### THE LASS OF PEATIE'S MILL.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

The lass of Peatie's mill,

So bonny, blithe, and gay,

In spite of all my skill,

Hath stole my heart away.

When tedding of the hay,

Bare-headed on the green,

Love 'midst her locks did play,

And wanton'd in her e'en.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth,

Her bosom in its dawn,

To age it would give youth  
To press her lily haun'.  
Through all my spirits ran  
An ecstasy of bliss,  
When I such sweetness fand  
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,  
Like flowers which grace the wild,  
She did her sweets impart,  
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.  
Her looks they were sae mild,  
Free from affected pride,  
She me to love beguil'd,  
I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all the wealth  
Hoptoun's high mountains fill,  
Insur'd long life and health,  
And pleasures at my will—  
I'd promise, and fulfil,  
That none but bonny she,  
The lass of Peatie's mill,  
Should share the same wi' me.  
(Ramsay.)

### SAW YE MY WEE THING?

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

\* Saw ye my wee thing, saw ye my  
ain thing,  
Saw ye my true-love down by yon  
lea?  
Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the  
gloamin,  
Sought she the burnie where flowers  
the haw-tree?  
Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is  
milk-white,  
Dark is the blue o' her saft rolling  
e'e;  
Red, red her lip is, and sweeter than  
roses:  
Where could my wee thing wander  
frae me?"

" I saw na' your wee thing, I saw na'  
your ain thing,  
Na' saw I your true-love down by  
yon lea;  
But I met my bonnie thing late in the  
gloamin,  
Down by the burnie where flowers  
the haw-tree.  
Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it  
was milk-white,  
Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling  
e'e;  
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter  
than roses:  
Sweet were the kisses that she gied  
to me."

" It was na' my wee thing, it was na'  
mine ain thing,  
It was na' my true-love ye met by the  
tree;  
Proud is her leal heart, and modest her  
nature,  
She never lo'ed leman till ance she  
lo'ed me.  
Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle  
Cary,  
Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my  
knee;  
Fair as your face is, wer't fifty times  
fairer,  
Young braggart, she ne'er wad gie  
kisses to thee."

" It was then your Mary, she's frae  
Castle Cary,  
It was then your true-love I met by  
the tree;  
Proud as her heart is, and modest her  
nature,  
Sweet were the kisses that she gied  
to me."  
Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red  
his cheek grew,  
Wild flash'd the fire frae his red-roll-  
ing e'e;  
" Ye'se rue sair this morning, your  
boasting and scorning,  
Defend, ye fause traitor, for loudly ye  
lie!"

" Awa wi' beguiling," then cried the  
youth, smiling,  
Aff gaed the bonnet, the lint-white  
locks flee;  
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom  
shawing,  
Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark  
rolling e'e!  
" Is it my wee thing? is it mine ain  
thing?  
Is it my true-love here that I see?"  
" O Jamie, forgie me, your heart's con-  
stant to me:  
I'll never mair wander, my true-  
love, frae thee!" (M'Neil.)

### THE BLUE BELL OF SCOTLAND.

[Music—at Z. T. Purday's.]

" O where, and O where, is your High-  
land laddie gone?"  
" He's gone to fight the French for King  
George upon the throne;  
And it's oh! in my heart, I wish him  
safe at home!"



"O where, and O where, did your  
Highland laddie dwell?"  
"He dwelt in merry Scotland, at the  
sign of the Blue Bell;  
And it's oh! in my heart, I love my  
laddie well!"  
"In what clothes, in what clothes, is  
your Highland laddie clad?"  
"His bonnet's of the Saxon green, his  
waistcoat's of the plaid;  
And it's oh! in my heart, I love my  
bonnie lad!"  
"Suppose, and suppose, that your High-  
land lad should die?"  
"The bagpipes should play over him,  
and I'd sit down and cry;  
But it's oh! in my heart, I wish he may  
not die!"

### BANNOCKS O' BARLEY MEAL.

[Music—at Lawson's.]

Argyle is my name, and you may think  
it strange,  
To live at a court and never to change;  
All falsehood and flattery I do disdain;  
In my secret thoughts no guile does  
remain.  
My king and my country's foes I have  
fac'd,  
In city or battle I ne'er was disgrac'd;  
I've done what I could for my country's  
weel,  
Now I'll feast upon bannocks o' barley  
meal.  
Adieu to the courts of gay London  
town,  
For to my ain country I will gang down;  
At the sight o' Kirkcaldy once again,  
I'll cock up my bonnet and march  
again.  
O the muckle deil tak' a' your noise  
and strife,  
I'm fully resolv'd for a country life,  
Where a' the braw lassies that kens me  
weel,  
Will feed me wi' bannocks o' barley  
meal.  
I'll buy a fine present to bring to my  
dear,  
A pair o' fine garters for Maggie to  
wear,  
And some pretty things else, I vow and  
declare,  
When she gangs wi' me to fam'd Pais-  
ley fair,

And when we are married we'll keep  
a braw cow,  
My Maggie sall milk her, and I will  
plow;  
We'll live a' the winter on beef and  
lang kail,  
And wang at the bannocks o' barley  
meal.  
If my Maggie should chance to bring me  
a son,  
He's to fight for his king as his father  
has done;  
I'll send him to Flanders some breeding  
to learn;  
I'll aff into Scotland, and there keep a  
farm;  
And thus we'll live, and industrious be,  
And wha'll be so great as my Maggie  
and me?  
We'll soon grow as fat as a Norway  
seal,  
Wi' feeding on bannocks o' barley  
meal. (Boswell.)

### OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,  
I dearly like the west,  
For there the bonnie lassie lives,  
The lassie I lo'e best;  
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,  
Wi' mony a hill between;  
But day and night my fancy's flight  
Is ever wi' my Jean.  
I see her in the dewy flowers,  
Sae lovely, sweet, and fair;  
I hear her voice in ilka bird,  
Wi' music charm the air:  
There's not a bonnie flower that springs,  
By mountain, shaw, or green,  
Not yet a bonny bird that sings,  
But minds me o' my Jean.  
Upon the banks o' flowing Clyde,  
The lasses busk them braw;  
But when their best they hae put on,  
My Jenny dings them a':  
In hamely weeds, she far exceeds  
The fairest o' the town;  
Baith grave and gay confess it sae,  
Tho' drest in russet gown.  
The gamesome lamb that sucks the  
dam,  
Mair harmless cannot be;  
She has nae faut, if sic we ca't,  
Except her love for me.

The sparkling dew of clearest hue  
Is like her shining e'en :  
In shape and air, who can compare  
Wi' my sweet lovely Jean ?

O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw soft  
Among the leafy trees,  
Wi' gentle breath frae muir and dale,  
Bring hame the laden bees ;  
And bring the lassie back to me  
That's ay sae neat and clean :  
Ae blink o' her wad banish care,  
Sae lovely is my Jean.

What sighs and vows among the knowes  
Hae passed atween us twa ;  
How fain to meet, how wae to part,  
That day she gaed awa !  
The powers aboon can only ken,  
(To whom the heart is seen)  
That nane can be sae dear to me,  
As my sweet lovely Jean. (Burns.)

### TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

[Music—at Metzler's.]

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,  
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,  
And Boreas wi' his blasts sae bauld,  
Was threat'ning a' our kye to kill ;  
Then Bell, my wife, wha lo'es nae  
strife,  
She said to me right hastily,  
"Get up, gudeman, save Crummy's  
life,  
And take your auld cloak about ye.

My Crummy is a useful cow,  
And she is come of a guid kin' ;  
Aft has she wet the bairnie's mou,  
And I am laith that she should tine.  
Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,  
The sun shines in the lift sae high ;  
Sloth never made a gracious end—  
Gae tak your auld cloak about ye."

"My cloak was ance a guid gray cloak,  
When it was fitting for my wear ;  
But now 'tis scarcely worth a groat,  
For I have worn't it this thretty year.  
Let's spend the gear that we hae won,  
We little ken the day we'll die ;  
Then I'll be pround, sin' I hae sworn  
To have a new cloak about me."

"In days when our King Robert rang,  
His trews they cost but ha'f-a-crown ;  
He said they were a groat o'er dear  
And ca't the tailor thief and lown.

He was the king that wore a crown,  
And thou a man of laigh degree ;  
'Tis pride puts a' the country down—  
Sae tak your auld cloak about ye."

"Every land has its ain laigh,  
Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool ;  
I think the world is a' run wrang,  
When ilka wife her man wad rule.  
Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,  
How they are girded gallantly ?  
While I sit hurklen in the ase !—  
I'll hae a new cloak about me."

"Gudeman, I wat 'tis thretty years  
Sin' we did ane anither ken ;  
And we have had, between us twa,  
Of lads and bonnie lasses, ten.  
Now they are women grown and men ;  
I wish and pray well may they be ;  
And if you prove a good husband,  
E'en tak your auld cloak about ye."

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,  
But she wad guide me if she can ;  
And to maintain an easy life,  
I aft maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman.  
Nought's to be won at woman's han',  
Unless ye gie her a' the plea ;  
Then I'll leave off where I began,  
And tak my auld cloak about me.

### MY PEGGY IS A YOUNG THING.

(Tune—"Wauking o' the fauld.")

My Peggy is a young thing,  
Just enter'd in her teens ;  
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,  
Fair as the day, and always gay.  
My Peggy is a young thing,  
And I'm not very auld,  
Yet weel I like to meet her at  
The wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,  
Whene'er we meet alane ;  
I wish nae mair to lay my care,  
I wish nae mair o' a' that's rare.  
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,  
To a' the lave I'm cauld ;  
But she gars a' my spirits glow,  
At wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly  
Whene'er I whisper love,  
That I look down on a' the town,  
That I look down upon a crown.  
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,  
It makes me blithe and bauld ;  
And naething gies me sic delight  
As wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,  
 When on my pipe I play;  
 By a' the rest it is confest,  
 By a' the rest, that she sings best.  
 My Peggy sings sae saftly,  
 And in her sangs are fauld,  
 With innocence, the wale o' sense,  
 At wauking o' the fauld. (Ramsay.)

### UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Cauld blaws the win' frae north to  
 south,

And drift is driving sairly;  
 The sheep are couring in the heugh,  
 O sirs! it's winter fairly.  
 Now up in the morning's na' for me,  
 Up in the morning early;  
 I'd rather gang supperless to my bed,  
 Than rise in the morning early.

Rude rairs the blast amang the woods,  
 The branches tirlin barely;  
 Amang the chimney-taps it thuds,  
 And frost is nippin sairly.  
 Now up i' the morning's na' for me,  
 Up in the morning early;  
 To sit a' the night I'd rather agree,  
 Than rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps o'er the southlan' hill,  
 Like ony timorous carlie;  
 Just blinks a wee, then sinks again,  
 And that we find severely.  
 Now up in the morning's na' for me,  
 Up in the morning early;  
 When snaw blaws into the chimney  
 cheek,  
 Wha'd rise in the morning early?

Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush,  
 Poor things, they suffer sairly!  
 In cauldrie quarters a' the night,  
 A' day they feed but sparely.  
 Now up in the morning's na' for me,  
 Up in the morning early;  
 No fate can be waur, in winter time,  
 Than rise in the morning early.

A cosey house, and canty wife,  
 Keeps ay a body cheerly;  
 And pantry stowed wi' meat and maut,  
 It answers unco rarely.  
 But up in the morning—na', na', na',  
 Up in the morning early;  
 The gowans maun glent on bank and  
 brae,  
 When I rise in the morning early.  
 (Hamilton)

### LOUDEN'S BONNY WOODS AND BRAES.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

"Louden's bonny woods and braes,  
 I maun leave them a', lassie;  
 Wha can thole when Britain's faes  
 Wad gie Britons law, lassie?  
 Wha wad shun the field o' danger?  
 Wha frae fame wad live a stranger?  
 Now, when Freedom bids avenge her,  
 Wha wad shun her ca', lassie?  
 Louden's bonny banks and braes  
 Hae seen our happy bridal days;  
 And gentle hope shall soothe thy waes,  
 When I'm far away, lassie."

"Hark! the swelling bugle rings,  
 Yielding joy to thee, laddie;  
 But the dolefu' bugle brings  
 Waefu' thought to me, laddie!  
 Lanely I may climb the mountain,  
 Lanely stray beside the fountain,  
 Still the weary moments countin',  
 Far frae love and thee, laddie!  
 O'er the gory fields o' war,  
 Where Vengeance drives her crimson  
 car,  
 Thou'lt may be fa', frae me afar,  
 And nane to close thy e'e, laddie!"

"O resume thy wonted smile!  
 O suppress thy fear, lassie!  
 Glorious honour crowns the toil  
 That the sodger shares, lassie!  
 Heaven will shield thy faithfu' lover,  
 Till the 'vengeful strife be over;  
 Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever,  
 Till the day we die, lassie!  
 'Midst our bonny woods and braes,  
 We'll spend our peaceful happy days,  
 As blyth as yon lightsome lamb that  
 plays  
 On Louden's flowery lea, lassie."  
 (Tannahill.)

### THE DEIL'S AWA WI' THE EXCISEMAN.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

The deil cam fiddling thro' the town,  
 And danc'd awa wi' the exciseman;  
 And ilka wife cried, "Auld Mahoun,  
 We wish you luck o' your prize,  
 man."

(Chorus)—"We'll mak our maut, we'll  
 brew our drink,  
 We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice,  
 man;



And mony thanks to the muckle black  
deil,  
That danc'd awa wi' the exciseman!  
There's threesome reels, and foursome  
reels,  
There's hornpipes and strathspeys,  
man;  
But the ae best dance e'er cam to our  
lan',  
Was—"The Deil's awa wi' the Ex-  
ciseman." (Burns.)

## MY BOY TAMMY.

[Music—at Lawson's.]

"Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy  
Tammy?  
Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy  
Tammy?"  
"I've been by burn and flowery brae,  
Meadow green, and mountain grey,  
Courting o' this young thing,  
Just came frae her mammy."  
"And whar gat ye that young thing,  
My boy Tammy?"  
"I gat her down in yonder how,  
Smiling on a broomy know,  
Herdin' ae with lamb and ewe  
For her poor mammy."  
"What said ye to the bonnie bairn,  
My boy Tammy?"  
"I praised her een, sae lovely blue,  
Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou;  
I preed it aft, as ye may true!  
She said, she'll tell her mammy."  
"I held her to my beating heart,  
My young, my smiling lammie!  
"I hae a house, it cost me dear,  
I've walth o' plenishen and gear;  
Ye'se get it a' war't ten times mair,  
Gin ye will leave your mammy."  
The smile gaed aff her bonny face—  
"I inau' nae leave my mammy;  
She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me  
claise,  
She's been my comfort a' my days;  
My father's death brought many waes!  
I canna leave my mammy."  
"We'll tak her hame and mak her  
fain,  
My ain kind-hearted lammie!  
We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claise,  
We'll be her comfort a' her days."  
The wee thing gie's her hand, and says,  
"There! gang and ask my mammy."

"Has she been to kirk wi' thee,  
My boy Tammy?  
"She has been to kirk wi' me,  
And the tear was in her ee;  
But O! she's but a young thing  
Just come frae her mammy."  
(M'Neil.)

## THE WAEFU' HEART.

[Music—at Metzler's.]

"Gin living worth could win my heart,  
You wadna speak in vain;  
But in the darksome grave it's laid,  
Never to rise again.  
My wae fu' heart lies low wi' his,  
Whase heart was only mine;  
And, what a heart was that to lose!  
But I maun not repine."  
"Yet, oh; gin heaven in mercy soon  
Would grant the boon I crave,  
And tak this life, now naething worth,  
Sin' Jamie's in his grave.  
And see! his gentle spirit comes  
To shew me on my way;  
Surprised, nae doubt, I still am here—  
Sair wondering at my stay."  
"I come, I come, my Jamie dear!  
And oh! wi' what good will  
I follow, wheresoe'er ye lead—  
Ye canna lead to ill,"  
She said; and soon a deadly pale  
Her faded cheek possess;  
Her wae fu' heart forgot to beat,  
Her sorrows sunk to rest!

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER  
THE MUIR.

[Music—at D'Almaine &amp; Mackinlay's.]

The last time I came o'er the muir,  
I left my love behind me;  
Ye powers! what pain do I endure,  
When saft ideas mind me!  
Soon as the ruddy morn display'd  
The beaming day ensuing,  
I met betimes my lovely maid,  
In fit retreats for wooing.  
Beneath the cooling shade we lay,  
Gazing and chastely sporting,  
We kiss'd and promis'd time away,  
Till night spread her black curtain.  
I pitied all beneath the skies,  
E'en kings, when she was nigh me;  
In raptures I beheld her eyes,  
That could but ill deny me.

Should I be ca'd where cannons roar,  
Where mortal steel may wound me;  
Or cast upon some desert shore,  
Where dangers may surround me:  
Yet hope again to see my love,  
To feast on glowing kisses,  
Shall mak my care at distance move,  
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place  
To let a rival enter;  
Since she excels in ev'ry grace,  
In her my love shall centre.  
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,  
Their waves the Alps shall cover;  
On Greenland's ice shall roses grow,  
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,  
She shall a lover find me  
And that my faith is firm and pure,  
Though I left her behind me.  
Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain  
My heart to her fair bosom;  
There, while my being does remain,  
My love more fresh shall blossom.  
(Ramsay.)

### THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

The Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud and  
he's great,  
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o'  
the state;  
He wanted a wife his braw house to  
keep,  
But favour wi' wooing was fashious to  
seek.

Down by the Dyke-side a lady did  
dwell,  
At his table-head he thought she'd look  
well;  
M'Cleish's ae daughter, o' Clavers-ha'  
Lee,  
A pennyless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouther'd, and as  
guld as new,  
His waistcoat was white, and his coat it  
was blue;  
He pat on a ring, a sword, and cock'd  
hat,  
And wha could refuse the laird wi' a'  
that?

He took his grey mare and rade  
cannily,  
Till he rapp'd at the yett o' Clavers-ha'  
Lee;

"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come  
speedily ben,  
She's wanted to speak to the Laird o'  
Cockpen."

Mistress Jean, wha was making the  
elder-flower wine,  
Says, "What brings the laird here at  
sic a like time?"  
She pat aff her apron, pat on a silk  
gown,  
A mutch wi' red ribbons, and cam awa  
down.

Its when she cam down he bowed fu'  
low,  
And what was his errand he soon let  
her know;  
Amazed was the laird when the lady  
said "Na,"  
And wi' a laigh curtsy she turned awa.  
Dumfounder'd was he, but nae sigh did  
he gie;  
He mounted his mare, and gaed hame  
cannily;  
And aften he thought, as he rade thro'  
the glen,  
She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cock-  
pen.

The laird then his exit scarcely had  
made,  
When the lady reflected on what she  
had said:  
"I might get ane waur, na, aiblins ten;  
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cock-  
pen."

She trysted the laird to come down to  
the ha':  
Quo' she, "I meant Yes, when I  
answer'd you Na."  
Now at his table-head, like a white  
tappet hen,  
She sits, but nae chickens are yet at  
Cockpen.

### HAUD AWA FRAE ME, DONALD.

Haud awa, bide awa,  
Haud awa frae me, Donald;  
What care I for a' your wealth,  
And a' that ye can gie, Donald?  
I wadna leave my Lowland lad,  
For a' your gowd and gear, Donald;  
Sae tak your plaid, and o'er the hill,  
And stay nae langer here, Donald.

My Jamie is a gallant youth,  
I lo'e but him alane, Donald;  
And in bonnie Scotland's isle,  
Like him there is nane, Donald.

Haud awa, bide awa,  
Haud awa frae me, Donald;  
What care I for a' your wealth,  
And a' that ye can gie, Donald?

He wears nae plaid or tartan hose,  
Nor garters at his knee, Donald;  
But, oh! he wears a faithfu' heart,  
And love blinks in his ee, Donald.  
Sae haud awa, bide awa,  
Come nae mair at een, Donald;  
I wadna break my Jamie's heart,  
To be a Highland queen, Donald.

### LORD GREGORY.

[Music—at Hawes's.]

O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,  
An' loud the tempest's roar;  
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower,  
Lord Gregory, ope thy door!  
An exile frae her father's ha',  
An' a' for loving thee;  
At least some pity on me shaw,  
If love it may na' be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the  
grove,

By bonnie Irwine side,  
Where first I own'd that virgin-love,  
I lang, lang had denied?  
How aften didst thou pledge and vow,  
Thou wad for aye be mine!  
And my fond heart, itsel sae true,  
It ne'er mistrusted thine!

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,  
And flinty is thy breast;  
Thou dart of heaven, that flashest by,  
O wilt thou give me rest!  
Ye mustering thunders from above,  
Your willing victim see;  
But spare, and pardon my fause love,  
His wrangs to heaven and me!  
(Burns.)

### MY LOVE IS BUT A LASSIE YET.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

Sweet bud of beauty, hear me, Jean,  
Or by my sighs guess what I mean;  
Thou'st stown my heart wi' twa black  
een,  
Though thou art but a lassie yet.  
Were mine the wealth o' Cumberland,  
O' Westmoreland, Northumberland,  
A monarch's ransom for thy hand  
I'd gie, though thou art but a lassie  
yet.

Loud crows the cock, and a' the morn,  
I wakin' think on Jenny's scorn;  
Sic pains, I cry, can ne'er be borne,  
Though thou art but a lassie yet.  
Were mine, &c.

O why did nature form thy face?  
Why blest thee wi' a heavenly grace,  
To steal the hearts in ilka place,  
Though thou art but a lassie yet?  
Were mine, &c.

But, Jenny, dinna look owre hie,  
Lest beauty, that sic pain can gie,  
Draw the saut tear frae thy bright ee,  
Though thou art but a lassie yet.  
Were mine, &c.

The bee salutes the opening rose—  
Come, fairer than the flower that blows;  
I'll love thee, Jean, till life's last close,  
Though thou art but a lassie yet.  
Were mine, &c.

Thy beauty sae my fancy warms,  
I canna count thy matchless charms;  
A heaven on earth maun be thy arms,  
Though thou art but a lassie yet.  
Were mine, &c.

### GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Gloomy winter's now awa,  
Saft the western breezes blaw;  
'Mang the birks o' Stanley shaw,  
The mavis sings fu' cheery, O.  
Sweet the craw-flower's early bell  
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,  
Blooming like thy bonnie sel',  
My young, my artless dearie, O!  
Come, my lassie, let us stray  
O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae;  
Blythely spend the gowden day  
'Midst joys that never weary, O.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,  
Lav'rocks fan the snaw-white clouds;  
Siller saughs wi' downy buds,  
Adorn the bank sae briery, O!  
Round the silvan fairy nooks,  
Feath'ry breckans fringe the rocks;  
'Neath the brae the birnie jonks,  
And ilka thing is cheery, O!  
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,  
Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,  
Joy to me they canna bring,  
Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O!  
(Tannahill.)

# I CANNA LIKE YE, GENTLE SIR.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

I canna like ye, gentle sir,  
Although a laird ye be;  
I like a bonny Scottish lad,  
Wha brought me frae Dundee.  
Haud away, haud away,  
Wi' Jamie o'er the lea,  
I gang'd along wi' free gude will,—  
He's a' the world to me!

I'se gang'd wi' Jamie frae Dundee,  
To cheer the lanesome way;  
His cheeks are ruddy o'er wi' halth,  
He's frolic as the May.

Haud away, &c.

The lav'rock mounts to hail the morn,  
The lintwhite swells her throat;  
But neither are sae sweet, sae clear,  
As Jamie's tunefu' note.

Haud away, &c.

(Mrs. Brooks.)

# COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

"Come under my plaidie, the night's  
gaun to fa',  
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift,  
and the snaw;

Come under my plaidie, and sit down  
beside me,

There's room in't, dear lassie, believe  
me, for twa.

Come under my plaidie, and sit down  
beside me,

I'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that  
can blaw:

O! come under my plaidie, and sit  
down beside me,

There's room in't, dear lassie, believe  
me, for twa."

"Gae awa wi' your plaidie, auld  
Donald, gae 'wa,

I fear nae the cauld blast, the drift, nor  
the snaw;

Gae awa' wi' your plaidie, I'll no sit  
beside ye;

He may be my gutcher!—auld Donald,  
gae 'wa.

He's gaun to meet Johnnie, he's young  
and he's bonnie,

He's been at Meg's bridal sae trig and  
sae braw;

O nane dances sae lightly, sae gracefu',  
sae dainty!

His cheek's like the new rose, his  
brow's like the snaw!"

"Dear Marion, let that fleec stick fast to  
the wa',

Your Jock's but a gowk, and has  
naething ava;

The hale o' his pack he has now on his  
back,

He's thretty, and I am but threescore  
and twa.

Be frank now, and kindly; I'll busk  
you ay finely;

To kirk or to market ther'll few gang  
sae braw;

A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to  
ride in,

And flunkies to tend ye as aft as ye  
ca'."

"My father's ay tauld me, my mither  
and a',

Ye'd mak a gude husband, and keep  
me ay braw;

It's true I lo'e Johnnie, he's gude and  
he's bonnie,

But, wae's me! ye ken he has naething  
ava!

I hae little tocher; you've made a gude  
offer;

I'm now mair than twenty—my time is  
but sma'!

Sae gie me your plaidie, I'll creep in  
beside ye,—

I thought ye'd been aulder than three-  
score and twa!"

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane  
wa',

Whar Johnnie was list'ning, and heard  
her tell a';

The day was appointed!—his proud  
heart it dunted,

And strack 'gainst his side as if burst-  
ing in twa.

He wandered hame weary, the night it  
was dreary,

And, thowless, he tint his gate deep  
'mang the snaw;

The howlet was screamin', while John-  
nie cried, "Women

Wad marry Auld Nick if he'd keep  
them ay braw!"

O the deil's in the lasses! they gang  
now sae braw,

They'll lie down wi' auld men o' four-  
score and twa;

The hale o' their marriage is gowd and  
a carriage,

Plain luvie is the cauldest blast now  
that can blaw!

Auld dotards be wary! tak tent wha ye  
marry,

Young wives wi' their coaches they'll  
whup and they'll ca'!

Till they meet wi' some Johnnie that's  
youthfu' and bonnie,  
And they'll gie ye horns on ilk haffet to  
claw ! (M'Neil.)

### THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

[Music—at Lawson's.]

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,  
Will ye go, will ye go?  
Bonnie lassie, will ye go  
To the Birks of Aberfeldy?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,  
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays;  
Come, let us spend the lightsome days  
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.  
Bonnie lassie, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,  
The little birdies blithely sing,  
Or lightly flit on wanton wing,  
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.  
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,  
The foaming stream, deep-roaring, fa's,  
O'erhung wi' fragrant, spreading shaws,  
The Birks of Aberfeldy.  
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,  
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,  
And, rising, weets wi' misty showers  
The Birks of Aberfeldy.  
Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,  
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,  
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,  
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.  
Bonnie lassie, &c. (Burns.)

### I'M OWRE YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

I'm owre young, I'm owre young,  
I'm owre young to marry yet,  
I'm owre young, 'twould be a sin  
To tak me frae my mammy yet;  
I am my mammy's ain bairn,  
Nor of my hame am weary yet.  
And I would have ye learn, lads,  
That ye for me must tarry yet.  
For I'm owre young, &c.

I'm owre young, I'm owre young,  
I'm owre young to marry yet,  
I'm owre young, 'twould be a sin  
To tak me frae my mammy yet;

For I hae had my ain way,  
Nane dare to contradict me yet;  
So soon to say I wad obey,  
In truth I dare na venture yet.  
For I'm owre young, &c.

### ROSLIN CASTLE.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

'Twas in that season of the year  
When all things gay and sweet appear,  
That Colin, with the morning ray,  
Arose, and sung his rural lay.  
Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung;  
The hills and dales with Nanny rung;  
While Roslin Castle heard the swain,  
And echoed back the cheerful strain:

"Awake, sweet Muse! the breathing  
spring  
With rapture warms, awake and sing!  
Awake and join the vocal throng,  
Who hail the morning with a song;  
To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,  
O! bid her haste, and come away:  
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,  
And add new graces to the morn!

"O hark, my love! on every spray  
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay!  
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,  
And love inspires the melting song;  
Then let my raptured notes arise,  
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,  
And love my rising bosom warms,  
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

"O come, my love! thy Colin's lay  
With rapture calls, O come away!  
Come, while the Muse this wreath shall  
twine

Around that modest brow of thine;  
O hither haste! and with thee bring  
That blooming beauty like the spring!  
Those graces that divinely shine,  
And charm this ravish'd breast of mine.  
(Hewit.)

### O STAY, SWEET WARBLING WOODLARK.

[Music—at Hawes's.]

O stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay,  
Nor quit for me the trembling spray;  
A hapless lover courts thy lay,  
Thy soothing, fond complaining;  
Again, again that tender part,  
That I may catch thy melting art;  
For surely that wad touch her heart  
Wha kills me wi' disdainin'.



Say, was thy little mate unkind,  
 And heard thee as the careless wind?  
 Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,  
 Sic notes o' wae could wauken!  
 Thou tells o' never-ending care;  
 O' speechless grief, and dark despair;  
 For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!  
 Or my poor heart is broken!

(Burns.)

### THE HEATH THIS NIGHT.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

The heath this night must be my bed,  
 The bracken curtain for my head;  
 My lullaby the warders tread,  
 Far, far from love and thee, Mary.

To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,  
 My couch may be my bloody plaid;  
 My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!  
 It will not awaken me, Mary.

I may not, dare not, fancy now  
 The grief that clouds thy lovely brow;  
 I dare not think upon thy vow,  
 And all it promised me, Mary.

No fond regret must Narmard know,  
 When bursts Clan Alpine on the foe;  
 His heart must be like bended bow,  
 His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come, with feeling fraught,  
 For, if I fall in battle fought,  
 Thy hapless lover's dying thought  
 Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.

And, if return'd from conquer'd foes,  
 How blithely will the evening close;  
 How sweet the linnets sing repose  
 To my young bride, and me, Mary.

(Sir Walter Scott)

### I LO'ED NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE.

[Music—at Coventry & Hollier's.]

I lo'ed ne'er a laddie but ane,  
 He lo'ed ne'er a lassie but me;  
 He's willing to make me his ain,  
 And his ain I am willing to be.  
 He has coft me a rocklay o' blue,  
 And a pair o' mittens o' green;  
 The price was a kiss o' my mou',  
 And I paid him the debt yestreen.

Let ithers brag we'll o' their gear,  
 Their land, and their lordlie degree;  
 I care na for ought but my dear,  
 For he's ilka thing lordlie to me:

His words are sae sugar'd, sae sweet!  
 His sense drives ilk fear far awa;  
 I listen (poor fool!) and I greet;  
 Yet, how sweet are the tears as  
 they fa'!

"Dear lassie," he cries, wi' a jeer,  
 "Ne'er heed what the auld anes will  
 say;

Though we've little to brag o', ne'er  
 fear,

What's gowd to the heart that is  
 wae?

Our laird has baith honours and wealth,  
 Yet see how he's dwining wi' care;  
 Now we, though we've naithing but  
 health,  
 Are canty and leil evermair.

"O Marion! the heart that is true  
 Has something mair costly and gear;  
 Ilk e'en it has naething to rue,  
 Ilk morn it has naething to fear.

Ye wardlings! gae hoard up your  
 store,

And tremble for fear ought ye tine!  
 Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and  
 door,

While here in my arms I lock  
 mine!"

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile,  
 Wae's me, can I tak it amiss?  
 My laddie's unpractis'd in guile,  
 He's free ay to doat and to kiss!  
 Ye lasses, who lo'e to lament

Your wooers wi' fause scorn an  
 strife,

Play your pranks—I hae gi'en my  
 consent,

And this night I am Jamie's for life.

### KATE OF ABERDEEN.

[Music—at Lawson's.]

The silver moon's enamour'd beam  
 Steals softly through the night,  
 To wanton with the winding stream,  
 And kiss reflected light.  
 To beds of state, go, balmy sleep,  
 ('Tis where you've seldom been.)  
 May's vigil while the shepherds keep  
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait  
 In rosy chaplets gay,  
 Till morn unbar her golden gate,  
 And give the promis'd May.  
 Methinks I hear the maids declare,  
 The promis'd May, when seen,  
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,  
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes;  
 We'll rouse the nodding grove;  
 The nested birds shall raise their  
 throats,  
 And hail the maid I love!  
 And see, the matin lark mistakes—  
 He quits the tafted green;  
 Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks—  
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen!

Now lightsome, o'er the level mead,  
 Where midnight fairies rove,  
 Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,  
 Or tune the reed to love;  
 For see, the rosy May draws nigh!  
 She claims a virgin queen;  
 And hark! the happy shepherds cry,  
 " 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen!"

(J. Cunningham.)

### SANDY AND JENNY.

[Music—at Wybrow's,]

"Come, come, my bonny lassie," cried  
 Sandy, "Awa,  
 While mither's a-spinning and father's  
 afa;  
 The folk are at work and the bairns are  
 at play,  
 And we will be married, dear Jenny,  
 to-day."

"Stay, stay, bonnie laddie," I answer'd  
 with speed,  
 I winna, I munna, go wi' you indeed;  
 Besides, should I do so, what would  
 the folks say?  
 O we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-  
 day!"

"List, list," cried he, "lassie, and  
 mind what ye do,  
 Baith Peggy and Patty I give up for  
 you;  
 Besides, a full twelvemonth we've  
 trifled away,  
 And one or the other I'll marry to-  
 day."

"Fie, fie, bonny laddie," replied I  
 again,  
 "When Peggy you kiss'd t'other day  
 on the plain;  
 Besides, a new ribbon does Patty  
 display,  
 So we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-  
 day!"

"Then, then, a good bye, bonnie lassie,"  
 says he,  
 "For Peggy and Patty are waiting for  
 me;

The kirk is hard by, and the bells call  
 away,  
 And Peggy or Patty I'll marry to-day."  
 "Stop, stop! bonnie laddie," says I  
 with a smile,  
 (For know I was joking, indeed, all the  
 while)—  
 "Let Peggy go spin, and send Patty  
 away,  
 And we will be married, dear Sandy,  
 to-day!"

### LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,  
 Bonnie lassie, artless lassie;  
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?  
 Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

Now nature cleeds the flowery lea,  
 And a' is young and sweet like thee;  
 O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,  
 And say thou'lt be my dearie, O?  
 Lassie wi', &c.

And when the welcome simmer-shower  
 Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,  
 We'll to the breathing-woodbine bower,  
 At sultry noon, my dearie, O.  
 Lassie wi', &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,  
 The weary shearer's hameward way;  
 Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,  
 And talk o' love, my dearie O.  
 Lassie wi', &c.

And when the howling wintry blast  
 Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;  
 Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,  
 I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.  
 Lassie wi', &c. (Burns)

### O'ER THE MUIR, AMANG THE HEATHER.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Coming thro' the craigs o' Kyle,  
 Amang the bonny blooming heather,  
 There I met a bonnie lassie  
 Keeping a' her ewes thegither.  
 O'er the muir, amang the heather,  
 O'er the muir, amang the heather;  
 There I met, &c.

Says I, "My dear, whare is thy hame?  
 In muir or dale, pray tell me whe-  
 ther?"

Says she, "I tent thae fleecy flocks  
 That feed amang the blooming heather.

O'er the muir, among the heather,  
O'er the muir, among the heather ;"  
Says she, " I tent, &c.

We laid us down upon a bank,  
Sae warm and sunny was the wea-  
ther ;

She left her flocks at large to rove  
Among the bonny blooming heather.  
O'er the muir among the heather,  
O'er the muir among the heather ;  
She left her flocks, &c.

While thus we lay she sang a sang,  
Till echo rang a mile and farther ;  
And aye the burden of her sang  
Was, O'er the muir, among the hea-  
ther.

O'er the muir, among the heather,  
O'er the muir, among the heather ;  
And aye the burden, &c.

She charm'd my heart, and aye sin'  
syne

I cou'd na' think on ony ither ;  
By sea and sky, she shall be mine,  
The bonny lass among the heather.  
O'er the muir, among the heather,  
O'er the muir, among the heather :  
By sea and sky, &c. (Miss Glover.)

### FOR LACK OF GOLD.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

For lack of gold she's left me, O,  
And of all that's dear bereft me, O ;  
She me forsook for a great duke,  
And to endless care has left me, O.  
A star and garter hath more art,  
Than youth, a true and faithful heart ;  
For empty titles we must part,  
And for glitt'ring show she's left  
me, O.

No cruel fair shall ever move  
My injured heart again to love ;  
Thro' distant climates I must rove,  
Since Jenny she has left me, O.  
Ye powers above, I to your care  
Resign my faithless, lovely fair ;  
Your choicest blessings be her share,  
Tho' she has ever left me, O.

(Dr. Austin.)

### LOGIE O'BUCHAN.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

Q Logie O'Buchan, O Logie the laird,  
They hae ta'en awa Jamie that dely'd  
in the yard ;

Wha play'd on the pipe, wi' the viol  
sae sma' ;

They hae ta'en awa Jamie the flower o'  
them a'.

He said, think na lang, lassie, though I  
gang awa ;

He said, think na lang, lassie, though I  
gang awa ;

For the simmer is coming, cauld win-  
ter's awa,

And I'll come and see thee in spite o'  
them a'.

O Sandy has owsen, and siller, and  
kye,

A house and a haddin, and a' things  
forbye ;

But I wad hae Jamie wi' his staff in his  
hand,

Before I'd hae Sandy wi' houses and  
land.

He said, &c.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie  
looks sour,

They frown upon Jamie because he is  
poor ;

But daddie and minnie, although that  
they be,

There's nane o' them a' like my Jamie  
to me.

He said, &c.

I sit on my creepie, and spin at my  
wheel,

And think on the laddie that lo'ed me  
sae weel ;

He had but ae sixpence, he brak it in  
two,

And he gied me the hauf o't when he  
gaed awa.

Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide  
na awa ;

Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na  
awa ;

The simmer is coming, cauld winter's  
awa,

And ye'll come and see me in spite o'  
them a'.

### YON WAND'RING RILL.

(Air—"The tither morn.")

Yon wand'ring rill that marks the hill,  
And glances o'er the brae, sir,

Slides by a bower, where many a flower  
Sheds fragrance on the day, sir ;

There Damon lay, with Silvia gay,  
To love they thought nae crime, sir ;

The wild birds sang, the echoes rang,  
While Damon's heart beat time, sir.

(Burns.)



### STAY, MY CHARMER, CAN YOU LEAVE ME?

Stay, my charmer, can you leave me?  
Cruel, cruel to deceive me!  
Well, you know how much you grieve  
me;

Cruel charmer, can you go?  
Cruel charmer, can you go?

By my love so ill-requited,  
By the faith you fondly plighted—  
By the pangs of lovers slighted—  
Do not, do not leave me so!  
Do not, do not leave me so!

(Burns.)

### HE'S WHAT THEY CA' A BONNY LAD.

[Music—at Z. T. Purday's.]

He's what they ca' a bonny lad,  
That I lo'e best o' ony,  
But oh! what makes me heart fu' glad,  
He's better far than bonny.  
I met him first at Moffat Wells,  
Where a' the Nithsdale gentry  
In summer time amuse themsel's,  
And make a joyous entry.

At gloamin, down by yon burnside,  
The last time that I saw him,  
He vow'd that I should be his bride,  
Whatever might befa' him;  
But war, that scourge of young delight,  
Has torn me frae my bosom,  
And I am dowie day and night,  
For fear that I should lose him.

What tho' there's lairds in Annandale,  
At kirk and market booing,  
And mair than ane in Nith's sweet vale,  
That fain would come a-wooing;  
Farewell to them and their green vales,  
Where crystal streams are gliding,  
For my poor heart, far, far frae these,  
Is wi' my love abiding. (Mayne.)

### WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

The bride she is winsome and bonnie,  
Her hair it is snooded sae sleek,  
And faithful and kind is her Johnnie,  
Yet fast fa' the tears on her cheek;  
New pearlins the cause o' her sor-  
row,

New pearlins, and plenishing, too:  
The bride that has a' to borrow  
Has e'en right meikle ado.

Woo'd and married and a',  
Woo'd and married and a',  
And is she na very well aff,  
To be woo'd and married and a'?

Her mother then hastily spak:—  
"The lassie is glaikit wi' pride,  
In my pouches I had na a black,  
The day that I was a bride;  
E'en tak to your wheel, and be clever,  
And draw out your thread in the  
sun;

The gear that is gifted, it never  
Will last like the gear that is won.  
Woo'd and married and a',  
Tocher and havings sae sma',  
I think ye are very weel aff,  
To be woo'd and married and a'."

"Toot, toot!" quo' the grey-headed  
father,

"She's less of a bride than a bairn,  
She's ta'en like a cowl frae the heather,  
Wi' sense and discretion to learn.  
Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,  
As humour inconstantly leans,  
A chiel maun be patient and steady,  
That yokes wi' a mate in her teens.

'Kerchief to cover so neat,  
Locks, the wind used to blaw,  
I'm baith like to laugh and to greet,  
When I think o' her married at a'."

Then out spak the wily bridegroom,  
Weel waled were his wordies, I  
ween,

"I'm rich, tho' my coffers be toom,  
Wi' the blink o' your bonny blue een.  
I'm prouder o' thee by my side,  
Tho' thy ruffles and ribbons be few,  
Than if Kate o' the craft were my  
bride,

Wi' purples and pearlins enew.  
Dear and dearest of ony,  
Ye're woo'd and booket and a',  
And do ye think scorn o' your Johnnie,  
And grieve to be married at a'?"

She turn'd, and she blush'd, and she  
smil'd,

And she looket sae bashfully down,  
The pride o' her heart was beguil'd,  
And she play'd wi' the sleeve of her  
gown;

She twirl'd the tag o' her lace,  
And she nippet her boddice sae true,  
Syne blinket sae sweet in his face,  
And aff like a maukin she flew.

Woo'd and married and a',  
Married and carried awa';  
She thinks hersel very weel aff,  
To be woo'd and married and a'!

(Joanna Baillic.)

## MARY MORISON.

(Air—"Bide ye yet.")

O Mary, at thy window be,  
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!  
Those smiles and glances let me see,  
That make the miser's treasure  
poor!

How blithely wad I bide the stoure,  
A weary slave frae sun to sun,  
Could I the rich reward secure,—  
The lovely Mary Morison!

Yestreen, when to the trembling string,  
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',  
To thee my fancy took its wing,  
I sat, but neither heard or saw;  
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,  
And yon the toast of a' the town,  
I sigh'd, and said, among them a',  
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,  
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?  
Or canst thou break that heart of his,  
Whase only faut is loving thee?  
If love for love thou wilt nae gie,  
At least be pity to me shown;  
A thought ungentle canna be  
The thought o' Mary Morison.  
(Burns.)

## THE WHITE COCKADE.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

My love was born in Aberdeen,  
The bonniest lad that e'er was seen;  
But now he makes our hearts fu' sad,  
He takes the field wi' his white cock-  
ade.

O he's a ranting, roving lad,  
He is a brisk an' a bonny lad;  
Betide what may, I will be wed,  
And follow the boy wi' the white cock-  
ade.

I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow,  
My gude gray mare and hawkit cow,  
To buy mysel a tartan plaid,  
To follow the boy wi' the white cock-  
ade.

O he's a ranting, &amp;c.

## LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER.

(Air—"The Lothian Lassie.")

Last May a braw wooper cam down the  
lang glen,  
And sair wi' his love he did deave  
me;

I said there was naething I hated like  
men,  
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me,  
believe me,  
The deuce, &c.

He spak o' the darts in my bonnie  
black een,

And vow'd for my love he was  
dying;

I said he might die when he liked, for  
Jean,

The Lord forgie me for lying, for  
lying,—

The Lord, &amp;c.

A weel-stock'd mailen, himsel for the  
laird,

And marriage aff-hand, were his  
proffers:

I never loot on that I ken'd it,—or  
cared,

But thought I might hae waur offers,  
waur offers,—

But thought, &amp;c.

But what wad ye think? a fortnight or  
less,

(The deil tak his taste to gae near  
her!)

He up the lang loan to my black cousin  
Bess,

Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear  
her, could bear her,—

Guess ye how, &amp;c.

But a' the neist week, as I fretted wi'  
care,

I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,

And wha but my fine fickle lover was  
there!—

I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a  
warlock,—

I glowr'd, &amp;c.

But owre my left shoulder I gae him a  
blink,

Lest neebors might say I was saucy;  
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in  
drink,

And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear  
lassie,—

And vow'd, &amp;c.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthie and  
sweet,

Gin she had recover'd her hearin?

And how her new shoon fit her auld  
shackl't feet?

But, heavens! how he fell a-swearin,  
a-swearin,—

But, heavens! &amp;c.

He begged, for Gudesake! I wad be  
his wife,

Or else I would kill him wi' sorrow;

So e'en to preserve the poor body in  
life,  
I think I maun wed him to-morrow,  
to-morrow,—  
I think, &c. (Burns.)

## FAREWELL TO LOCHABER.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell  
my Jean,  
Where heartsome with thee I have  
mony day been;  
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no  
more,  
We'll may be return to Lochaber no  
more.  
These tears that I shed, they are a' for  
my dear,  
And no' for the dangers attending on  
weir,  
Tho' borne on rough seas to a far distant  
shore,  
May be to return to Lochaber no  
more.  
Tho' hurricanes rise, and raise ev'ry  
wind,  
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that  
in my mind;  
Tho' loudest of thunder on louder  
waves roar,  
That's naething like leaving my love on  
the shore!  
To leave thee behind me my heart is  
sair pain'd;  
But by ease that's inglorious no fame  
can be gain'd;  
And beauty and love's the reward of  
the brave,  
And I maun deserve it before I can  
crave.  
Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my  
excuse,  
Since honour commands me, how can I  
refuse?  
Without it I ne'er can have merit for  
thee,  
And losing thy favour I'd better not  
be.  
I gae, then, my lass, to win honour and  
fame,  
And if I should chance to come glo-  
riously hame,  
I'll bring a heart to thee with love  
running o'er,  
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber  
no more.

(Ramsay)

## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

[Music—at Z. T. Purday's.]

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
When we were first acquent,  
Your locks were like the raven,  
Your bonny brow was brent;  
But now your head's turn'd bald, John,  
Your locks are like the snaw,  
Yet blessings on your frosty pow,  
John Anderson, my jo.  
John Anderson, my jo, John,  
When nature first began  
To try her cannie hand, John,  
Her master-work was man;  
And you amang them a', John,  
Sae trig from tap to toe,  
She prov'd to be nae journey-work,  
John Anderson, my jo.  
John Anderson, my jo, John,  
Ye were my first conceit,  
And ye needna' think it strange, John,  
Tho' I ca' ye trim and neat;  
Tho' some folks say ye're auld, John,  
I never think ye so,  
But I think ye're a' the same to me,  
John Anderson, my jo.  
John Anderson my jo, John,  
We've seen our bairns' bairns,  
And yet, my dear John Anderson,  
I'm happy in your arms;  
And sae are ye in mine, John,—  
I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,  
Tho' the days are gane that we hae seen,  
John Anderson, my jo.  
John Anderson, my jo, John,  
What pleasure does it gie  
To see sae mony sprouts, John,  
Spring up 'tween you and me;  
And ilka lad and lass, John,  
In our footsteps to go,  
Makes perfect heaven here on earth,  
John Anderson, my jo.  
John Anderson, my jo, John,  
Frae year to year we've past,  
And soon that year maun come, John,  
Will bring us to our last;  
But letna' that affright us, John,  
Our hearts were ne'er our foe,  
While in innocent delight we liv'd,  
John Anderson, my jo.  
John Anderson, my jo, John,  
We climb'd the hill thegither,  
And monie a cantie day, John,  
We've had wi' ane anither;  
Now we maun totter down, John,  
But hand in hand we'll go,  
And sleep thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson, my jo. (Burns.)

## SAW YE JOHNNIE COMING?

[Music—at D'Almaine &amp; Mackinlay's.]

"Saw ye Johnnie coming," quo' she,

"Saw ye Johnnie coming?"

O saw ye Johnnie coming," quo' she,

"Saw ye Johnnie coming,

Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,

And his doggie running," quo' she,

"And his doggie running?"

"Fee him, father, fee him," quo' she,

"Fee him, father, fee him;

For ah! he is a gallant lad,

And ah! he's a' well doing.

And a' the wark about the house

Gaes wi' me when I see him," quo' she,

Wi' me when I see him."

"What will I do wi' him, hussy?"

What will I do wi' him?"

He's ne'er a sark upon his back,

And I hae nane to gie him."

"Fee him, father, fee him," quo' she,

"Fee him, father, fee him."

"I hae twa sarks into my kist,

And ane o' them I'll gie him;

And for a mark of mair fee,

Dinna quarrel wi' him:

Dinna quarrel wi' him," daddy,

"Dinna quarrel wi' him."

"For muckle do I lo'e him," quo' she,

"For muckle do I lo'e him;

O, fee him, father, fee him," quo' she,

"Fee him, father, fee him."

He'll haud the pleugh, thrash in the  
barn,

And bless us a' at e'en, my daddy,

And bless us a', my daddy."

## DONALD.

[Music—at Metzler's.]

Wh n first you courted me, I own;

I fondly favor'd you;

Apparent worth, and high renown,

Made me believe you true,

Donald!

Each virtue then seem'd to adorn

The man esteem'd by me;

But now the mask's thrown off, I scorn

To waste one thought on thee,

Donald!

O then, for ever, haste away,

Away from love and me;

Go seek a heart that's like your own,

And come no more to me,

Donald!

For I'll reserve myself alone

For one that's more like me;

If such a one I cannot find,

I'll fly from love and thee,

Donald!

HERE AWA, THERE AWA,  
WANDERING WILLIE.

[Music—at Coventry &amp; Hollier's.]

Here awa, there awa, wandering Wil-  
lie,Here awa, there awa, haud awa  
hame;

Come to my bosom my ain only dearie,

Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie  
the same.Winter winds blew loud and cauld at  
our parting,Fears for my Willie brought tears in  
my ee;Welcome now simmer, and welcome  
my Willie,The simmer to nature, my Willie to  
me.Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of  
your slumbers,How your dread howling a lover  
alarms!Wauken ye breezes, row gently ye  
billows,And waft my dear laddie ance mair  
to my arms.But oh, if he's faithless, and mind nae  
his Nannie,Flow still between us thou wide-  
roaring main;May I never see it, may I never trow  
it,But, dying, believe that my Willie's  
my ain. (Burns.)JESSIE, THE FLOWER O'  
DUNBLANE.

[Music—at Hawes's.]

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty  
Ben Lomond,And left the red clouds to preside o'er  
the scene,While lanely I stray in the calm sim-  
mer gloamin,To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower  
o' Dunblane.How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft-fauld-  
ing blossom,And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle  
o' green!

Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this  
bosom,  
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o'  
Dunblane.

She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's  
bonny,  
For guileless simplicity marks her its  
ain;

And far be the villain, divested o' feel-  
ing,

Wha'd blight, in its bloom, the sweet  
flower o' Dunblane!

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to  
the e'ening,

Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calder-  
wood glen;

Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and  
winning,

Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o'  
Dunblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi'  
my Jessie!

The sports o' the city seem'd foolish  
and vain;

I ne'er saw a nymph I could call my  
dear lassie,

Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the  
flower o' Dunblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest  
grandeur,

Amidst its profusion I'd languish in  
pain;

And reckon on naething the height o'  
its splendour,

If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o'  
Dunblane. (Tannahill.)

## THE HIGHLAND MINSTREL BOY.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

I hae wander'd mony a night in June,  
Along the banks o' Clyde,

Beneath a bright and bonny moon,  
Wi' Mary at my side.

A simmer was she to mine ee,  
And to my heart a joy;

And oh! her heart was true to me—  
Her Highland minstrel boy.

Her presence could to ev'ry star  
New brilliancy confer;

And I thought the flowers were sweeter  
far

When they were seen wi' her.

Her brow was calm as sleeping sea,  
Her glance was fu' o' joy;

And oh! her heart was true to me—  
Her Highland minstrel boy.

I hae play'd to ladies fair and gay,  
In mony a suthron ha';  
But there was aye, far, far awa',  
A world aboon them a'!  
But now the wearie days are fled,  
I think, wi' mournful joy,  
Upon the time when Mary'll wed  
Her Highland minstrel boy.

## THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

I'm wearing awa', Jean,  
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean;  
I'm wearing awa', Jean,  
To the land o' the leal!  
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,  
There's nae cauld nor care, Jean;  
The day's aye fair, Jean,  
I' the land o' the leal.

O dry that glist'ning ee, Jean,  
My saul lang's to be free, Jean,  
And angels beckon me, Jean,  
To the land o' the leal!  
Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,  
Your task's ended now, Jean,  
And I'll welcome you, Jean,  
To the land o' the leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, Jean,  
She was baith guid and fair, Jean;  
And we grudg'd her right sair, Jean,  
To the land o' the leal.  
Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,  
This world's care is vain, Jean,  
We'll meet, and aye be fain, Jean,  
I' the land o' the leal.

## HUSBAND, HUSBAND, CEASE YOUR STRIFE.

(Air—"My jo Janet.")

"Husband, husband, cease your strife,  
Nor longer idly rave, sir;  
Though I am your wedded wife,  
Yet I am not your slave, sir."

"One of two must still obey,  
Nancy, Nancy;  
Is it man or woman, say,  
My spouse, Nancy?"

"If 'tis still the lordly word,  
Service and obedience;  
I'll desert my sovereign lord,  
And so good bye, allegiance!"

"Sad will I be so bereft,  
Nancy, Nancy;  
Yet I'll try to make a shift  
My spouse, Nancy."



"My poor heart then break it must,  
My last hour I'm near it;  
When you lay me in the dust,  
Think, think, how you will bear it!"

"I will hope and trust in heaven,  
Nancy, Nancy;  
Strength to bear it will be given,  
My spouse, Nancy."

"Well, sir, from the silent dead,  
Still I'll try to daunt you;  
Ever round your midnight bed  
Horrid sprites shall haunt you."

"I'll wed another, like my dear  
Nancy, Nancy;  
Then all hell will fly for fear,  
My spouse, Nancy!" (Burns.)

### O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA', WILLIE.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

O Kenmure's on and awa', Willie,  
O Kenmure's on and awa';  
And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord  
That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie,  
Success to Kenmure's band;  
There's nae a heart that fears a Whig,  
That rides by Kenmure's hand.

There's a rose in Kenmure's cap,  
Willie,  
There's a rose in Kenmure's cap;  
He'll steep it red in ruddie heart's  
blude,  
Afore the battle drap.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,  
O Kenmure's lads are men;  
Their hearts and swords are metal  
true,  
And that their faes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie,  
They'll live or die wi' fame;  
But soon wi' sounding victorie  
May Kenmure's lord come hame!

ere's Kenmure's health in wine, Wil-  
lie,  
Here's Kenmure's health in wine;  
There ne'er was a coward o' Ken-  
mure's blude,  
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

Here's him that's far awa', Willie,  
Here's him that's far awa';  
And here's the flower that I lo'e best,  
The rose that's like the snaw.

### THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE.

(Air—"Saw ye Johnnie coming?")

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,  
Thou hast left me ever;  
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,  
Thou hast left me ever.  
Aften hast thou vow'd that death  
Only should us sever;  
Now thou'st left thy lass for ay,  
I maun see thee never, Jamie,  
I maun see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,  
Thou hast me forsaken;  
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,  
Thou hast me forsaken.  
Thou canst love anither jo,  
While my heart is breaking;  
Soon my weary een will close,  
Never mair to waken, Jamie,  
Never mair to waken. (Burns.)

### THE GOLDEN-HAIR'D LADDIE.

[Music—at Z. T. Purday's.]

"O, Marion the Merry, who gave you  
that fairing?"

The lasses all envy, lads jealously  
view

That true-lover's knot, on your bosom,  
too, wearing;

O say, blushing Marion, who gave 'em  
to you?"

"O, the knot and the fairings were  
given to me,  
When the golden-hair'd laddie came  
over the lea."

"O, Marion the Merry, why now  
sadly sighing?"

Your tresses neglected are sport for  
the breeze;

The villagers' pastimes why foolishly  
flying?

O say, silly Marion, what symptoms  
are these?"

"O, the knot and the fairings no longer  
please me,  
For the golden-hair'd laddie's gone over  
the lea."

"O, Marion the Merry, again sweetly  
smiling,

Again like the fawn tripping lightly  
along;

What innocent hopes, all your sorrow  
beguiling,

O say, happy Marion, enliven your  
song?"

"O, the knot and the fairings again  
pleasure me,  
For the golden-hair'd laddie comes over  
the lea!"

### BONNIE MARY HAY.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Bonnie Mary Hay, I will lo'e thee yet,  
For thy eye is the slae, and thy hair is  
the jet;

The snaw is thy skin, and the rose is  
thy cheek;

O, bonnie Mary Hay, I will lo'e thee  
yet.

Bonnie Mary Hay, will ye gang wi'  
me,

When the sun's i' the west, to the  
hawthorn tree?

To the hawthorn tree in the bonnie  
berry den,

And I'll tell you, Mary, how I lo'e you  
then.

Bonnie Mary Hay, it's halliday to me,  
When thou art couthie, kind, and free;  
There's nae clouds in the lift, nor  
storms in the sky,

My bonnie Mary Hay, when thou art  
nigh.

Bonnie Mary Hay, thou mauna say na',  
But come to the bower by the haw-  
thorn brae;

But come to the bower and I'll tell you  
a' that's true:

O Mary! I can ne'er lo'e ony but you.

### ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVA- LOCH.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

Roy's wife of Aldivaloch,

Roy's wife of Aldivaloch;

Wat ye how she cheated me,

As I came o'er the braes o' Balloch?

She vow'd, she swore, she wad be mine;

She said she lo'ed me best o' ony;

But ah! the faithless, fickle queen,  
She's ta'en the carle, and left her  
Johnnie!

Roy's wife, &c.

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,

Her wee bit mou sae sweet and  
bonny;

To me she ever will be dear,

Tho' she's for ever left her Johnnie!

Roy's wife, &c.

But, O! she was a cantie queen,  
And weel could dance the Highland  
walloch;

How happy I, had she been mine,

Or I'd been Roy of Aldivaloch!

Roy's wife, &c.

(Mrs. Grant.)

### HIGHLAND MARY.

[Music—at Coventry & Hollier's.]

Ye banks, and braes, and streams  
around

The castle o' Montgomery,

Green be your woods, and fair your  
flowers,

Your waters never drumlie!

There simmer first unfaulds her robes,

And there they longest tarry;

For there I took the last fareweel

O' my dear Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green  
birk,

How rich the hawthorn's blossom!

As underneath their fragrant shade,

I clasp'd her to my bosom!

The golden hours, on angel wings,

Flew owre me and my dearie;

For dear to me, as light and life,

Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,

Our parting was fu' tender;

And pledging aft to meet again,

We tore ourselves asunder.

But oh! fell death's untimely frost,

That nipt my flower sae early!

Now green's the turf, and cauld's the  
clay,

That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,

I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!

And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance

That dwelt on me sae kindly!

And mouldering now in silent dust

That heart that lo'ed me dearly!

But still, within my bosom's core,

Shall live my Highland Mary.

(Burns.)

### SCOTS, WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLED.

[Music—at Z. T. Purday's.]

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,

Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,

Welcome to your gory bed,

Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour,  
See the front of battle lour!  
See approach proud Edward's power—  
Chains, and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?  
Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
Wha sae base as be a slave?  
Traitor, turn and flee!  
Wha for Scotland's king and law,  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw?  
Freemen stand, or freemen fa',  
Caledonians, on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains,  
By your sons in servile chains,  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be free!  
Lay the proud usurpers low,  
Tyrants fall in every foe;  
Liberty's in every blow!  
Forward—do or die! (Burns.)

### DAINTIE DAVIE.

[Music—at Lawson's.]

The lasses fain wad hae frae me  
A sang to keep them a' in glee;  
While ne'er a ane I hae to gie,  
But only Daintie Davie.  
I learnt it early in my youth,  
When barley bannocks caus'd a drouth,  
Whar cronies met to weet their mouth,  
Our sang was Daintie Davie.  
O Daintie Davie is the thing!  
I never ken'd a cantie spring,  
That e'er descr'd the Highlan' fling,  
Sae weel as Daintie Davie!

When frien' and fouk at bridals meet,  
Their drouthy mou's and craigs to  
weet,  
The storie canna be complete  
Without they've Daintie Davie.  
Sae ladies, tune your spinnets weel,  
An' lilt it up wi' a' your skile,  
Nae strathspey nor a Highlan' reel  
Comes up to Daintie Davie.  
O Daintie Davie, &c.

Tho' bardies a', in former times,  
Hae stain'd my sang wi' worthless  
rhymes,  
They had but little mense wi' crimes,  
To blast my Daintie Davie.  
The rankest weeds the garden spoil,  
While labour takes the play awhile,  
The lamp gaes out for want o' oil,  
And sae it far'd wi' Davie.  
O Daintie Davie, &c.

There's ne'er a bar but what's complete,  
While ilka note is ay sae sweet,  
That auld and young get to their feet,  
When they hear Daintie Davie;  
Until the latest hour o' time,  
When music a' her power shall tine,  
Each hill and dale, and grove shall ring  
Wi' bonnie Daintie Davie.  
O Daintie Davie, &c.

### AND YE SHALL WALK.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

"And ye shall walk in silk attire,  
And siller hae to spare,  
Gin ye consent to be my bride,  
Nor think on Donald mair."  
"O wha wad buy a silken gown,  
Wi' a puir broken heart?  
Or what's to me a siller crown,  
Gin frae my love I part?"  
"I wad nae walk in silk attire,  
Nor braid wi' gems my hair,  
Gin he whose faith is pledged wi' mine  
Were wranged and grieving sair.  
Frae infancy he loved me still,  
And still my heart shall prove  
How weel it can those vows fulfil,  
Which first repaid his love."  
"The mind whase every wish is pure,  
Far dearer is to me,  
And ere I'm forc'd to brak my faith,  
I'll lay me down and dee;  
For I hae pledg'd my virgin troth,  
Brave Donald's fate to share,  
And he has gien to me his heart  
Wi' a' its virtues rare."  
"His gentle manners won my heart,  
He gratefu' took the gift,  
Could I but think to seek it back,  
It would be war' than thift;  
For longest life can ne'er repay  
The love he bears to me;  
And ere I'm forc'd to brak my troth,  
I'll lay me down and dee."

### MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE, O!

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,  
My only jo and dearie, O;  
Thy neck is like the siller dew  
Upon the banks sae brierie, O.  
Thy teeth are o' the ivory,  
O sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee;  
Nae joy, nae pleasure, blinks on me,  
My only jo and dearie, O!



The birdie sings upon the thorn,  
It's sang o' joy fu' cheery, O,  
Rejoicing i' the simmer morn,  
Nae care to mak it eerie, O;  
But little kens the sangster sweet  
Aught o' the cares I hae to meet,  
That gars my restless bosom beat,  
My only jo and dearie, O.

When we were bairnies, on yon brae,  
And youth was blinking bonny, O,  
Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day,  
Our joys fu' sweet and mony, O!  
Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lee,  
And round about the thornie tree,  
Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,  
My only jo and dearie, O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,  
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O;  
I wish that thou wert ever mine,  
And never mair to leave me, O!  
Then I wad daut thee night and day,  
Nor ither warly care wad hae,  
Till life's warm stream forget to play,  
My only jo and dearie, O. (Gall.)

### O, NANNIE, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME?

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

O, Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me,  
Nor sigh to quit the flaunting town?  
Can silent glens have charms for thee,  
The lowly cot, and russet gown?  
Nae langer deck'd in silken sheen,  
Nae langer deck'd wi' jewels rare,  
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene  
Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

O, Nannie, when thou'rt far awa',  
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?  
Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,  
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?  
Oh! can that saft and gentle mien  
Extreme of hardships learn to bear?  
Nor sad regret each courtly scene  
Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

O, Nannie, canst thou love so true,  
Thro' perils keen wi' me to gae?  
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,  
To share wi' him the pang of wae?  
And when invading pains befall,  
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care?  
Nor, wishful, those gay scenes recall,  
Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,  
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?  
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?

And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay  
Strew flowers, and drop the tender  
tear?  
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,  
Where thou wast fairest of the fair?  
(Dr. Percy.)

### MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart  
is not here,—  
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing  
the deer;  
A-chasing the wild deer, and following  
the roe,  
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I  
go.  
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to  
the north,  
The birthplace of valour, the country of  
worth;  
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
The hills of the Highlands for ever I  
love.

Farewell to the mountains high, cover'd  
with snow,  
Farewell to the straths and green  
valleys below;  
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging  
woods,  
Farewell to the torrents and loud-  
pouring floods.  
My heart's in, &c. (Burns.)

### CA' THE EWES.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Ca' the ewes to the knowes  
Ca' them where the heather grows;  
Ca' them where the burnie rows,  
My bonnie dearie.

Hark! the mavis' evening sang,  
Sounding Clouden's woods amang;  
Then a-faulding let us gang,  
My bonny dearie.

Ca' the ewes, &c.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,  
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,  
O'er the waves that sweetly glide,  
To the moon sae clearly.  
Ca' the ewes, &c.

Yonder's Clouden's silent towers,  
Where, at moonshine midnight hours,  
O'er the dewy-bending flowers,  
Fairies dance sae cheery.  
Ca' the ewes, &c.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;  
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,  
Nought of ill may come thee near,  
My bonny dearie.

Ca' the ewes, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,  
Thou hast stown my very heart;  
I can die—but canna part,  
My bonny dearie.

Ca' the ewes, &c.

(Burns.)

### THE BOATIE ROWS.

[Music—at Hawes's.]

O weel may the boatie row,  
And better may she speed;  
And leesome may the boatie row,  
That wins my bairns' bread!  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows indeed;  
And weel may the boatie row,  
That wins my bairns' bread!

When Jamie vow'd he wad be mine,  
And won frae me my heart;  
O muckle lighter grew my creel,—  
He swore we'd never part:  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows fu' weel;  
And muckle lighter is the load,  
When love bears up the creel.

When Sawney, Jock, and Janetie,  
Are up and gotten lair',  
They'll help to gar the boatie row,  
And lighten a' our care.  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows fu' weel,  
And lightsome be her heart that bears  
The merlain and the creel.

And when wi' age we are worn down,  
And hirpling round the door,  
They'll help to keep us dry and warm,  
As we did them before;  
Then weel may the boatie row,  
She wins the bairns' bread;  
And happy be the lot o' a'  
That wish the boatie speed!

### O SAY, BONNY LASS, WILL YOU LIE IN A BARRACK?

[Music—at Metzler's.]

"O say, bonny lass, will you lie in a  
barrack,  
And marry a sodger, and carry his  
wallet?"

O say, will you leave baith your mither  
and daddy,  
And follow the camp with your sodger  
laddie?"

"O yes, bonny lad, I could lie in a  
barrack,  
And marry a sodger, and carry his  
wallet;  
I'll neither ask leave of my mither or  
daddy,  
But follow the camp wi' my sodger  
laddie."

"O say, bonny lass, will you go a-cam-  
paigning,  
And bear all the hardships of battle  
and famine?  
When wounded, and bleeding, then  
would ye draw near me,  
And kindly support me, and tenderly  
cheer me?"

"O yes, bonny lad, I will think naething  
of it,  
But follow my Harry, and carry his  
wallet;  
Nor dangers, nor famine, nor wars  
can alarm me,  
My sodger is near me, and naething can  
harm me."

"But say, bonny lass, when I go into  
battle,  
Where dying men groan, and loud can-  
nons rattle,"—  
"O then, bonny lad, I will share a'  
your harms,  
And should you be kill'd, I will die in  
your arms!"

### MY HEART IS SAIR.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

My heart is sair, I dare na' tell,  
My heart is sair for somebody;  
I could wake a winter night  
For the sake o' somebody.  
Oh hon! for somebody!  
Oh hey! for somebody!  
I could range the world around,  
For the sake o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,  
O sweetly smile on somebody!  
Frae ilka danger keep him free,  
And send me safe my somebody!  
Oh hon! for somebody!  
Oh hey! for somebody!  
I wad do—what wad I not?  
For the sake o' somebody!

(Burns.)

THE REEL O' TULLOCH-  
GORUM.

[Music—at D'Ahnaine &amp; Mackinlay's.]

Fiddlers, your pins in temper fix,  
And rosin weel your fiddle-sticks,  
But banish vile Italian tricks  
Frae out your quorum;  
Nor fortes wi' pianos inix;  
Gie's Tullochgorum.

Come, gie's a song, the lady cried,  
And lay all your disputes aside;  
What nonsense 'tis for folks to chide  
For what's been done before 'em!  
Let Whig and Tory all agree,  
Whig and Tory,  
Whig and merrry,  
Whig and Tory all agree  
To drop their Whigmegorum.  
Let Whig and Tory all agree  
To spend the nicht wi' mirth and glee;  
And cheerfu' sing along wi' me  
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight—  
It gars us a' in aye unite;  
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,  
In conscience I abhor him.  
Blithe and merrry we's be a',  
Blithe and merrry,  
Blithe and merrry,  
Blithe and merrry we's be a',  
To make a cheerfu' quorum;  
Blithe and merrry we's be a',  
As lang as we hae breath to draw;  
And dance, till we's be like to fa',  
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be sae great a phrase,  
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;  
I wadna gie our ain strathspeys  
For half a hundred score o' 'em.  
They're dowf and dowie at the best,  
Dowf and dowie,  
Dowf and dowie,  
They're dowf and dowie at the best,  
Wi' a' their variorum;  
They're dowf and dowie at the best,  
Their allegros and a' the rest:  
They canna please a Highland taste,  
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum!

Let warly minds themselves oppress  
Wi' fear o' want and double cess,  
And silly sauls themselves distress  
Wi' keeping up decorum;  
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
Sour and sulky,  
Sour and sulky?  
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
Like old Philosophorum?

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
Wi' neither sence, nor mirth, nor wit,  
And canna rise to shake a fit  
To the Reel of Tullochgorum?

My choicest blessings still attend  
Each honest-hearted, open friend;  
And calm and quiet be his end—  
Be a' that's good before him!  
May peace and plenty be his lot,  
Peace and plenty,  
Peace and plenty,  
May peace and plenty be his lot,  
And dainties a great store o' 'em!  
May peace and plenty be his lot,  
Unstain'd by any vicious blot;  
And may he never want a groat  
That's fond of Tullochgorum!

But for the discontented fool  
Who wants to be Oppression's tool,  
May Envy know his rotten soul,  
And blackest fiends devour him!  
May dole and sorrow be his chance,  
Dole and sorrow,  
Dole and sorrow,  
May dole and sorrow be his chance,  
And honest souls devour him!  
May dole and sorrow be his chance;  
And banish him to Spain or France,  
Whoe'er he be that winna dance  
The Reel of Tullochgorum!  
(Rev. J. Skinner.)

## THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

[Music—at Lawson's.]

The Lawland lads think they are fine,  
But, O! they're vain and idly  
gaudy;  
How much unlike the gracefu' mien,  
And manly looks of my Highland  
laddie.  
O my bonnie Highland laddie,  
My handsome, charming Highland lad-  
die!  
May heaven still guard, and love  
reward,  
The Lawland lass and her Highland  
laddie.

If I were free at will to choose,  
To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,  
I'd tak young Donald without trows,  
With bonnet blue and belted plaidie,  
O my bonnie, &c.

The brawest beau in Burrows-town,  
In a' his airs, wi' art made ready,  
Compared wi' him, he's but a clown,  
He's finer far in's tartan plaidie.  
O my bonnie, &c.

O'er Benty-hill wi' him I'll run,  
And leave my Lawland kin and  
daddie;  
Frae winter's cauld, and simmer's sun,  
He'll screen me wi' his Highland  
plaidie.  
O my bonnie, &c.

A painted room, and silken bed,  
May please a Lawland laird and  
lady;  
But I can kiss, and be as glad,  
Behind a bush, in's Highland plaidie.  
O my bonnie, &c.

Few compliments between us pass;  
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,  
And he ca's me his Lawland lass,  
And rows me in beneath his plaidie.  
O my bonnie, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,  
Than that his love prove true and  
steady,  
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall  
end,  
While heaven preserve my Highland  
laddie.  
O my bonnie, &c.

(Ramsay.)

### CORN-RIGGS ARE BONNY.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

My Patie is a lover gay,  
His mind is never muddy;  
His breath is sweeter than new hay,  
His face is fair and ruddy.  
His shape is handsome, middle size,  
He's comely in his wauking;  
The shining o' his een surprise;  
It's heaven to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on a bauk,  
Where yellow corn was growing;  
There mony a kindly word he spak,  
That set my heart a-glowing.  
He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,  
And lo'ed me best o' ony;  
That gars me like to sing sin' syne,  
"O, corn-riggs are bonny."

Let maidens o' a silly mind  
Refuse what maist they're wanting;  
Since we for yielding are design'd,  
We chastely should be granting.  
Then I'll comply, an' marry Pate,  
And syne my cockerony  
He's free to touzel air or late,  
Where corn-riggs are bonny.

(Ramsay.)

### MAGGIE LAUDER.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

Wha wadna be in love  
Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder?  
A piper met her gaun to Fife,  
And speered what was't they ca'd  
her:

Right scornfully she answered him,  
"Begone, you hallanshaker;  
Jog on your gate, you bladder-skate,  
My name is Maggie Lauder."

"Maggie," quoth he, "and, by my bags,  
I'm fidging fain to see thee;  
Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,  
In troth I winna steer thee:  
For I'm a piper to my trade,  
My name is Rob the Ranter,  
The lasses loup as they were daft,  
When I blaw up my chanter."

"Piper," quoth Meg, "hae ye your bags?  
Or is your drone in order?  
If you be Rob, I've heard of you,—  
Live you upon the border?  
The lasses a', baith far and near,  
Hae heard of Rob the Ranter  
I'll shake my fit wi' right good will,  
Gif ye'll blaw up your chanter."

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,  
About the drone he twisted;  
Meg up and walloch'd o'er the green,  
For brawly could she frisk it.  
"Weel done," quoth he; "Play up,"  
quoth she;  
"Weel bobb'd," quoth Rob the  
Ranter;  
"'Tis worth my while to play, indeed,  
When I hae sic a dancer."

"Weel hae you play'd your part,"  
quoth Meg;  
"Your cheeks are like the crimson;  
There's nae in Scotland plays so weel,  
Since we lost Habby Simpson.  
I've lived in Fife, baith maid and wife,  
These ten years and a quarter;  
Gin ye should come to Anster fair,  
Speer ye for Maggie Lauder."

### WILL YE GO TO THE INDIES, MY MARY?

(Air—"Will ye go the ewe-bughts,  
Marion?")

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,  
And leave auld Scotia's shore?  
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,  
Across th' Atlantic's roar?

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,  
And the apple on the pine;  
But a' the charms o' the Indies  
Can never equal thine!

I hae sworn by the heavens to my  
Mary,

I hae sworn by the heavens to be  
true;

And sae may the heavens forget me,  
When I forget my vow!

O plight me your faith, my Mary,  
And plight me your lily-white hand;

O plight me your faith, my Mary,  
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,  
In mutual affection to join,  
And curst be the cause that shall part  
us!

The hour and the moment o' time!  
(Burns.)

### JOCKIE AND JENNY.

[Music—at Z. T. Purday's.]

'Twas on the morn of sweet May-day,  
When Nature painted all things gay,  
Taught birds to sing, and lambs to  
play,

And gild the meadows fair;  
Young Jockie, with the early dawn,  
Arose, and tript it o'er the lawn;  
His Sunday's coat the youth put on,  
For Jenny had vow'd away to run  
With Jockie to the fair.

The cheerful parish-bells had rung;  
With eager steps he trudged along;  
While flowery garlands round him  
hung,

Which shepherds used to wear;  
He tapped the window, "Haste, my  
dear!"

Jenny, impatient, cried, "Who's there?"  
" 'Tis I, my love, and no one near,  
Step gently down, you've nought to  
fear,  
With Jockie to the fair."

"My dad and mam are fast asleep,  
My brother's up, and with the sheep,  
And will you still your promise keep,  
Which I have heard you swear?"

And will you ever constant prove?"  
"I will, by all the powers above!  
And ne'er deceive my charming dove;  
Dispel these doubts, and haste my  
love,

With Jockie to the fair."

"Behold the ring," the shepherd cried,  
"Will Jenny be my charming bride?  
Let Cupid be our happy guide,  
And Hymen meet us there."  
Then Jockie did his vows renew,  
He would be constant, would be true,  
His word was pledg'd, away she flew,  
O'er cowslips, tipt with balmy dew,  
With Jockie to the fair.

In raptures meet the joyful throng,  
Their gay companions, blithe and young,  
Each joins the dance, each joins the  
song,

To hail the happy pair;

In turns, there's none so fond as they,  
They bless the kind, propitious day,  
The smiling morn of blooming May,  
When lovely Jenny ran away  
With Jockie to the fair.

### NOW WAT YE WHA I MET YESTREEN?

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen,  
Coming down the street, my jo?  
My mistress in her tartan screen,  
Fu' bonny, braw, and sweet, my jo.  
"My dear," quoth I, "thanks to the  
night,

That never wish'd a lover ill,  
Since ye're out of your mother's sight,  
Let's tak a wauk up to the hill.

"O Katy, wilt thou gang wi' me,  
And leave the dinsome town awhile?  
The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,  
And a' the simmer's gaun to smile;  
The mavis, nightingale, and lark,  
The bleating lambs, and whistling  
hind,

In ilka dale, green, shaw, or park,  
Will nourish health, and glad your  
mind.

"Soon as the clear gudeman of day  
Bends down his morning draught of  
dew,  
We'll gae to some burn-side and play,  
And gather flowers to busk your  
brow.

We'll pou the daisies on the green,  
The lucken gowans frae the bog;  
Between hands now and then we'll  
lean,  
And sport upon the velvet fog.

"There's up into a pleasant glen,  
A wee piece frae my father's tower,  
A canny, saft, and flowery den,  
Where circling birks have form'd a  
bower



Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,  
 We'll to that cauler shade remove,  
 There will I lock thee in mine arm,  
 And love and kiss, and kiss and love."  
 (Ramsay.)

### ON WI' THE TARTAN.

[Music—at Z. T. Purday's.]

Can ye lo'e, my dear lassie, the hills  
 wild and free,  
 Where the sang o' the shepherd gars a'  
 ring wi' glee?  
 O'er the steep rocky glens whare the  
 wild falcons hide?  
 Then on wi' the tartan, an' fye let us  
 ride.

Can ye lo'e the knowes, lassie, that  
 ne'er were in riggs?  
 Or the bonnie lowne howes where the  
 sweet robin biggs?  
 Or the sang o' the lintie when wooing  
 his bride?  
 Then on wi' the tartan, an' fye let us  
 ride.

Can ye lo'e the burn, lassie, that louns  
 among lins?  
 Or the bonny green holmes where it  
 cannily rins?  
 Wi' a cantie bit housie sae snug by its  
 side?  
 Then on wi' the tartan an' fye let us  
 ride. (Ainslie.)

### TWEED SIDE.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

What beauties does Flora disclose!  
 How sweet are her smiles upon  
 Tweed!

Yet Mary's still sweeter than those,  
 Where nature doth fancy exceed.  
 No daisy, nor sweet-blushing rose  
 Nor all the gay flowers of the field,  
 Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' those,  
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove;  
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,  
 The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,  
 With music enchant every bush.  
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,  
 Let's see how the primroses spring,  
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,  
 And love, while the feather'd folk  
 sing.

How does my love pass the long day?  
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep?

Do they never carelessly stray,  
 While happily she lies asleep?  
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to  
 rest;  
 Kind nature, indulging my bliss,  
 To ease the soft pains of my breast,  
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,  
 No beauty with her may compare;  
 Love's graces around her do dwell—  
 She's fairest, where thousands are  
 fair.  
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks  
 stray?  
 Oh, tell me at noon where they feed;  
 Shall I seek them on sweet-winding  
 Tay?  
 Or the pleasanter banks of the  
 Tweed? (Crawford.)

### WHAT WILL I DO WI' TAM GLEN?

(Air—"Mucking o' Geordie's byre.")

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie,  
 Some counsel unto me come len';  
 To anger them a' is a pity;  
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,  
 In poortith I might mak a fen';  
 What care I in riches to wallow,  
 If I mauna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird of Drum-  
 meller,  
 "Guid day to you, brute," he comes  
 ben';  
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller—  
 But when will he dance like Tam  
 Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,  
 An' bids me beware o' young men;  
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me,—  
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,  
 He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten;  
 But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,  
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,  
 My heart to my mou gied a sten;  
 For thrice I drew ane without failing  
 And thrice it was written, "Tam  
 Glen!"

The last Hallowe'en I was waukin'  
 My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;  
 His likeness cam up the house staukin',  
 An' the very grey breeks o' Tam  
 Glen!



Come, counsel, dear tittle, don't tarry;  
 I'll gie ye my bonny black hen,  
 Gif ye will advise me to marry  
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.  
 (Burns.)

### WILL YE GO THE EWE- BUGHTS, MARION?

[Music—at Cramer, Addison & Beale's.]

Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion?  
 And wear in the sheep wi' me?  
 The sun shines sweet, my Marion,  
 But nae hauf sae sweet as thee!

My Marion's a bonny lass,  
 The blythe blink's in her ee;  
 And fain wad I marry Marion,  
 Gin Marion wad marry me.

I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion,  
 A cow an' a brawlie quey;  
 I'll gie them a' to my Marion,  
 Just on her bridal day.

An' ye'se get a green sey apron,  
 An' waistcoat o' Lon'on brown;  
 Then vow but ye will be vap'rin,  
 When ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion,  
 Nane dances like me on the green;  
 And gin ye forsake me, Marion,  
 I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,  
 Wi' kirtle o' the cramasie;  
 And sae soon's my chin has nae hair on,  
 I'll come west and see thee.

### THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER BUSH.

[Music—at Hawes's.]

There grows a bonnie brier bush in our  
 kail yard,  
 There grows a bonnie brier bush in our  
 kail yard;  
 And below the bonnie brier bush there's  
 a lassie and a lad,  
 And they're busy, busy courting in our  
 kail yard.

What will I do for a lad when Sandy  
 gangs awa',  
 What will I do for a lad when Sandy  
 gangs awa'?

I will awa' to Edinburgh, and win a  
 pennie fee,  
 An' see gin ony bonnie lad will fancy  
 me.

He's comin' frae the north that is to  
 fancy me,  
 He's comin' frae the north that is to  
 fancy me;  
 A feather in his bannet, and a ribbon at  
 his knee,  
 He's a bonnie, bonnie laddie, and you  
 he be.

### THE BLUE BONNETS ARE OVER THE BORDER.

[Music—at Coventry & Hollier's.]

March! march! Ettrick and Tiviotdale,  
 Why, my lads, dinna ye march for-  
 ward in order?

March! march! Eskdale and Liddes-  
 dale,  
 All the blue bonnets are over the  
 border.

Many a banner spread, flutters above  
 your head;

Many a crest that is famous in story;  
 Mount and make ready, then, sons of  
 the mountain glen,

Fight for your homes, and the old  
 Scottish glory!

March! march, &c.

Come from the hills where your hissels  
 are grazing,

Come from the glen of the buck and  
 the roe;

Come to the crag where the beacon is  
 blazing;

Come with the buckler, the lance,  
 and the bow!

Trumpets are sounding, war steeds are  
 bounding;

Stand to your arms, and march in  
 good order;

England shall many a day tell of the  
 bloody fray,

When the blue bonnets came over  
 the border! (Sir W. Scott.)

### AULD LANG SYNE.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 An' never brought to min'?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 An' days o' lang syne?

#### CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,

For auld lang syne;

We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,

For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,  
An' pou't the gowans fine;  
But we've wander'd many a weary fit,  
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,  
Frae mornin' sun till dine;  
But seas atween us braid hae roar'd  
Sin' auld lang syne.

An' here's a han', my trusty frien',  
An' gie's a han' o' thine;  
We'll tak a right guld walie waught,  
For auld lang syne.

An' surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,  
An' surely I'll be mine;  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne. (Burns.)

### THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

In April, when primroses paint the  
sweet plain,  
And summer approaching rejoiceth the  
swain,  
The yellow-hair'd laddie would often-  
times go  
To wilds and deep glens, where the  
hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred  
thorn,  
Wi' freedom he sang his loves e'ning  
and morn;  
He sang wi' so soft and enchanting a  
sound,  
That sylvas and fairies, unseen, danc'd  
around.

The shepherd thus sung: "Tho' young  
Mary be fair,  
Her beauty is dash'd wi' a scornfu',  
proud air;  
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly  
could sing,  
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd  
in the spring.

"That Maudie, in all the gay bloom of  
her youth,  
Like the moon was inconstant, and  
never spoke truth;  
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd  
and free,  
And fair as the goddess who sprung  
from the sea.

"That mamma's fine daughter, with all  
her great dower,  
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently  
sour;"

Then, sighing, he wish'd, that would  
parents agree,  
The witty sweet Susie his mistress  
might be. (Ramsay.)

### PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

[Music—at Cramer, Addison & Beale's.]

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu!  
Pibroch of Donuil,  
Wake thy wild voice anew,  
Summon Clan Conuil!  
Come away, come away,  
Hark to the summons!  
Come in your war-array,  
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and  
From mountain so rocky,  
The war-pipe and pennon  
Are at Ioverlocky;  
Come every hill-plaid,  
And true heart that wears one;  
Come every steel-blade,  
And strong hand that bears one!

Leave untended the herd,  
The flock without shelter,  
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,  
The bride at the altar.  
Leave the deer, leave the steer,  
Leave nets and barges;  
Come with your fighting gear  
Broad-swords and targes.

Come, as the winds come,  
When forests are rended;  
Come, as the waves come,  
When navies are stranded!  
Faster come, faster come,  
Faster and faster;  
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,  
Tenant and master

Fast they come, fast they come,  
See how they gather!  
Wide waves the eagle plume,  
Blended with heather!  
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,  
Forward each man set!  
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu!  
Knell for the onset!

(Sir Walter Scott.)

### JUMPIN' JOHNNY.

[Music—at Monro & May's.]

Her daddie forbad, her minnie forbad,  
For bidden she wadna be;  
She wadna trow't the broo she brew'd  
Wad taste sae bitterlie;

For jumpin' John, young jumpin' John,  
 Beguil'd the bonnie lassie;  
 The lad was ta', wi' looks sae braw,  
 He won the bonnie lassie.

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,  
 And thretty guid shillings and three;  
 A very good tocher, a cotter-man's  
 dochter,  
 The lass wi' the bonnie black ee.  
 For jumping John, &c.

### DONALD COOPER.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Hey Donald, how Donald, hey Donald  
 Cooper;

He went awa' to seek a wife, and he's  
 come hame without her;

O, Donald Cooper, and his man, hied to  
 a Highland fair, man,

And a' to seek a bonnie lass, but fient a  
 ane was there, man!

Hey Donald, how Donald, hey Donald  
 Cooper;

He went awa' to seek a wife, and he  
 cam hame without her!

At length he got a carlin grey, and she's  
 come birplin hame, man,

And she's fa'n owre the buffet stool, and  
 brak her collar-bane, man!

### WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE?

[Music—at Cramer, Addison & Beale's.]

What ails this heart o' mine?

What ails this watery ee?

What gars me ay turn cauld as death,

When I tak leave of thee?

When thou art far awa',

Thou'lt dearer grow to me;

But change of fouk, and change of  
 place,

May gar thy fancy gae.

Then I'll sit down and moan,

Just by yon spreading tree;

And gin a leaf fa' in my lap,

I'll ca't a word frae thee.

Syne I'll gang to the bower,

Which thou wi' roses tied,

'Twas there, by many a blushing bud,

I strove my love to hide.

I'll doat on ilka spot

Where I hae been wi' thee

I'll call to mind some fond love tale,

By every burn and tree.

'Tis hope that cheers the mind,  
 Though lovers absent be;  
 And when I think I see thee still,  
 I'll think I'm still wi' thee.

(Blamire.)

### YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNY DOON.

[Music—at Monro & May's.]

Ye banks and braes o' Bonny Doon,  
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?

How can ye chant, ye little birds,

And I sae waery fu' o' care?

Ye'll break my heart, ye warbling birds,  
 That wanton through the flow'ring  
 thorn,

Ye mind me of departed joys,  
 Departed, never to return!

Aft hae I roam'd by bonny Doon,  
 To see the rose and woodbine twine,

Where ilka bird sung o' its love,

And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart, I pu'd a rose,

Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;

But my fause lover stole my rose,

But, ah! he left the thorn to me.

Ye roses, blaw your bonny blooms,  
 And draw the wild birds by the  
 burn;

For Luman promis'd me a ring,  
 And ye maun aid me should I  
 maun.

Ah! na', na', na', ye needna mourn,

My een are dim and drowsy worn;

Ye bonny birds, ye needna sing,

For Luman never can return.

My Luman's love, in broken sighs,

At dawn of day by Doon ye'se hear,

And mid-day, by the willow green,

For him I'll shed a silent tear.

Sweet birds, I ken ye'll pity me,

And join me wi' a plaintive sang,

While echo wakes, and joins the moan

I mak for him I lo'ed sae lang.

(Burns.)

### MY SOLDIER LOVE.

[Music—at Z. T. Purday's.]

Leeze me on, my soldier love,

Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie;

Brave as lion, kind as dove,

Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie;

Should he fall in battle's strife,

Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie;

Nane besides shall call me a wife.

Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie.

But if glorious from the wars,  
Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie;  
Proud will I be of his scars,  
Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie;  
By the sparkle o' his ee,  
Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie;  
Nane, I ken, he lo'es but me,  
Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie.

### O WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YE, MY LAD.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

O whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad;  
O whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad;  
Tho' father and mother and a' should  
gae mad,  
O whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad.

But warily tent when ye come to court  
me,  
And come na' unless the back yett be  
a'jee;  
Syne up the back stile, and let naeboddy  
see,  
And come as if ye were na' comin' to  
me.

O whistle, &c.

At kirk or at market, whene'er ye meet  
me,  
Gang by me as tho' that ye cared na' a  
flie;  
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie  
black ee,  
Yet look as if ye were na' looking at  
me.

O whistle, &c.

Ay, vow and protest that ye care na'  
for me,  
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty  
a wee;  
But court na' anither, tho' jokin' ye be,  
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae  
me.

O whistle, &c. (Burns.)

### SAW YE MY FATHER?

[Music—at Wybrow's]

"Oh, saw ye my father, or saw ye my  
mither,  
Or saw ye my true-love, John?"  
"I saw na' your father, I saw na' your  
mither,  
But I saw your true-love, John."

It's now ten at nigt, and the stars gie  
nae light,  
And the bells they ring, ding dong;

He's met wi' some delay, that causeth  
him to stay,  
But he will be here ere long.

The surly auld carle did naething but  
snarl,  
And Johnny's face it grew red;  
Yet tho' he often sigh'd, he ne'er a word  
replied,  
Till a' were asleep in bed.

Up Johnny rose, and to the door he  
goes,  
And gently tirl'd the pin;  
The lassie taking tent, unto the door  
she went,  
Then open'd it and let him in.

"And are ye come at last, and do I  
hold ye fast?  
And is my Johnny true?  
I hae nae time to tell, but sae lang's I  
like mysel,  
Sae lang shall I love you."

Flee up, flee up, my bonny grey cock,  
And craw when it is day;  
Your neck shall be as the bonny beaten  
gold,  
And your wings of the silver grey.

The cock prov'd fause, and untrue he  
was,  
For he crew an hour owre soon;  
The lassie thought it day when she  
sent her love away,  
And it was but a blink of the moon.

### 'T WAS WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH TOWN.

[Music—Cramer, Addison, & Beale's.]

'Twas within a mile of Edinbrgh  
town,  
In the rosy time of the year,  
Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grass  
was down,  
And each shepherd woo'd his dear.  
Bonnie Jockie, blithe and gay,  
Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay:  
The lassie blush'd, and, frowning,  
cried,—

"Na', na', it winna do;  
I canna, canna, winna, winna, mauna  
buckle to."

Jockie was a wag that never wad  
wed,  
Though lang he had followed the  
lass;  
Contented, she earn'd and ate her  
brown bread,  
And merrily turn'd up the grass.

Bonnie Jackie, blithe and free,  
Won her heart right merrily;  
Yet still she blush'd, and, frowning,  
cried,—  
“ Na, na,” &c.

But when he vow'd he wad make her  
his bride,  
Though his flocks and his herds were  
not few,  
She'd gie'd him her hand, and a kiss  
beside,  
And vow'd she'd ever be true.  
Bonnie Jackie, blithe and free,  
Won her heart right merrily;  
At kirk she nae mair, frowning, cried,  
“ Na, na,” &c

### MY NATIVE HIGHLAND HOME.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

My Highland home, where tempests  
blow,  
And cold thy wintry looks,  
Thy mountains crown'd with driven  
snow,  
And ice-bound are thy brooks!  
But colder far the Briton's heart,  
However far he roam,  
To whom these words no joy impart—  
“ My native Highland home!”  
Then gang wi' me to Scotland, dear,  
We ne'er again shall roam;  
And with thy smiles, so bonny, cheer  
My native Highland home.  
When summer comes, the heather bell  
Shall tempt thy feet to rove,  
The cushet dove within the dell  
Invites to peace and love!  
For blythesome is the breath of May,  
And sweet the bonny broom,  
And blithe the dimpling rills that play  
Around my Highland home!  
Then gang wi' me, &c.

(Morton.)

### MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

The moon's on the lake, and the mist's  
on the brae,  
And the clan has a name that is name-  
less by day;  
Our signal for sight, which from mo-  
narchs we drew,  
Must be heard but by night in our  
vengeful halloo!  
Then halloo, halloo, halloo, Gre  
galach!

If they rob us of name, and pursue us  
with beagles,  
Give their roofs to the flames, and their  
flesh to the eagles;  
Then gather, gather, gather, Gre-  
galach!

While there's leaves in the forest, and  
foam on the river,  
Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish  
for ever!

Glenorchy's proud mountains, Colchurn  
and her towers,  
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are  
ours,—

We're landless, landless, landless,  
Gregarach!

Through the depths of Loch Katrius  
the steed shall career,  
O'er the peak of Benlomond the galley  
shall steer;

And the rocks of Craig Royston like  
icicles melt,

Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our  
vengeance unfelt!

(Sir Walter Scott.)

### GO, FETCH TO ME A PINT OF WINE.

[Music—at Monro & May's.]

Go, fetch to me a pint of wine,  
And fill it in a siller tassie,  
That I may drink, before I go,  
A service to my bonnie lassie.  
The boat rocks at the pier of Leith,  
Fu' loud the wind blows frae the  
ferry;  
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,  
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.  
The trumpets sound, the banners fly,  
The glitt'ring spears are ranked  
ready,  
The shouts of war are heard afar,  
The battle closes thick and bloody;  
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore,  
Wad make me longer wish to tarry;  
Nor shout of war that's heard afar,—  
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

(Burns.)

### O THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

[Music—at Cramer, Addison & Beale's.]

O this is no my ain lassie,  
Fair tho' the lassie be;  
O weel ken I my ain lassie,  
Kind love is in her ee.



I see a form, I see a face,  
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place;  
It wants, to me, the witching grace,  
The kind love that's in her ee.  
(Chorus)—O this is no, &c.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and  
tall,  
And lang has had my heart in thrall;  
And ay it charms my very saul  
The kind love that's in her ee.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,  
To steal a blink, by a' unseen;  
But gleg as light are lovers' een,  
When kind love is in the ee.

It may escape the courtly sparks,  
It may escape the learned clerks;  
But weel the watching lover marks  
The kind love that's in her ee.  
(Burns.)

### AFTON WATER.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy  
green braes!

Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy  
praise;

My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring  
stream,

Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not  
her dream!

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds  
thro' the glen,

Ye wild-whistling blackbirds in yon  
thorny den,

Thou green-crested lapwing, thy wailing  
forbear!

Charge you—disturb not my slumber-  
ing fair!

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbour-  
ing hills,

Far mark'd with the courses of clear,  
winding rills;

Where daily I wander, as noon rises  
high,

My flocks, and my Mary's sweet cot in  
my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green val-  
lies below,

Where wild in the woodlands the prim-  
roses blow;

Where, oft as mild evening weeps over  
the lea,

The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary  
and me.

Thy chrystal stream, Afton, how lovely  
it glides,  
And winds by the cot where my Mary  
resides;  
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet  
lave,  
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems  
thy clear wave!  
(Burns.)

### JOHN TOD

[Music—at Hawes's.]

He's a terrible man, John Tod, John  
Tod,

He's a terrible man, John Tod!

He scolds in the house, he scolds at the  
door,

He scolds on the vera high road, John  
Tod,

He scolds on the vera high road!

An' saw ye nae little John Tod, John  
Tod,

O saw ye nae little John Tod?

His shoon they were re'in, and his feet  
they were seen,

But stout does he gang on the road,  
John Tod,

But stout does he gang on the road.

Ye're sun-burnt and tatter'd, John Tod,  
John Tod,

Ye're tatter'd and batter'd, John Tod;  
Wi' ye're auld striped coul, ye look

maist like a fail,  
But there's nouse i' the lining, John  
Tod, John Tod,

There's nouse i' the lining, John Tod.

He's weel respectit, John Tod, John  
Tod,

He's weel respectit, John Tod;  
Tho' a terrible man, we'd a' gane

wrang,  
If ye sud leave us, John Tod, John  
Tod,

If ye sud leave us, John Tod.

### LOCH NA GARR.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of  
roses,

In you let the minions of luxury  
rove,

Restore me the rocks where the snow-  
flake reposes,

Though still they are sacred to free-  
dom and love:



Yet, Caledonia, belov'd are thy mountains,  
 Round their white summits though  
 elements war,  
 Though cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth  
 flowing fountains,  
 I sigh for the valley of dark Loch  
 Na Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in  
 infancy wander'd,  
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak  
 was the plaid;  
 On chieftains long perish'd my memory  
 ponder'd,  
 As daily I strode through the pine-  
 cover'd glade!  
 I sought not my home till the day's  
 dying glory  
 Gave place to the rays of the bright  
 polar star;  
 For fancy was cheer'd by traditional  
 story,  
 Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch  
 Na Garr.

Shades of the dead! have I not heard  
 your voices  
 Rise on the night-rolling breath of  
 the gale?  
 Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,  
 And rides on the winds o'er his own  
 Highland vale?  
 Round Loch Na Garr, while the stormy  
 mist gathers,  
 Winter presides in his cold icy car;  
 Clouds there encircle the forms of my  
 fathers,  
 They dwell in the tempests of dark  
 Loch Na Garr!

(Byron.)

### JOHN ANDERSON'S GANE.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

He is gane frae his hearth, and the  
 auld wife sits there,  
 And she mournfully looks at his empty  
 arm-chair;  
 Her John Anderson's dead, and his  
 white frosty pow  
 I' the kirk-yard lies pillow'd sae dark-  
 some and low!  
 Her heart is sair wi' grief and care,  
 She thinks of the love-days she pass'd  
 wi' her jo;  
 And she canna now wark at her ance  
 merry wheel,  
 For John Anderson's gane to the land  
 o' the leal!

She thinks o' the day when she bloom'd  
 as a bride,  
 And John Anderson walk'd like a laird  
 by her side,  
 In his bonnie new tartan sae trig and  
 sae braw,  
 When his smile was the sweetest her  
 een ever saw;  
 When maids o' May, sae blyth and  
 gay,  
 Strew'd posies before them the fairest  
 of a',  
 Then she thinks o' the grave where his  
 body rests weel,  
 And his soul, which is gane to the land  
 o' the leal!  
 He is gane on before, and she weeps  
 here to stay,  
 For she langts to be ganging the same  
 silent way;  
 And she reads the guid book that points  
 out the fair road  
 Which leads to the place of her dear  
 one's abode;  
 Where love and youth, eternal truth,  
 And goodness and joy make a heavenly  
 code:  
 The lane one is anxious Death's sum-  
 mons to feel,  
 And she langts for a sight o' the land o'  
 the leal! (G. J. Bennett.)

### KELVIN GROVE.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

Let us haste to Kelvin Grove,  
 Bonny lassie, O!  
 Through its mazes let us rove,  
 Bonny lassie, O!  
 Where the rose, in all its pride,  
 Paints the hollow dingle-side,  
 Where the midnight fairies glide,  
 Bonny lassie, O!  
 We will wander by the mill,  
 Bonny lassie, O!  
 To the cove beside the rill,  
 Bonny lassie, O!  
 Where the glens rebound the call  
 Of the lofty water-fall,  
 Through the mountains' rocky hall,  
 Bonny lassie, O!  
 Then we'll up to yonder glade,  
 Bonny lassie, O!  
 Where so oft beneath its shade,  
 Bonny lassie, O!  
 With the songsters in the grove,  
 We have told our tale of love,  
 And have sportive garlands wove,  
 Bonny lassie, O!

Oh! I soon must bid adieu,  
Bonny lassie, O!  
To this fairy scene and you,  
Bonny lassie, O!

To the streamlet winding clear,  
To the fragrant scented brier,  
E'en to thee, of all most dear,  
Bonny lassie, O!

For the frowns of fortune low'r,  
Bonny lassie, O!

On thy lover at this hour,  
Bonny lassie, O!

Ere the golden orb of day,  
Wake the warblers from the spray,  
From this land I must away,  
Bonny lassie, O!

And when on a distant shore,  
Bonny lassie, O!

Should I fall 'midst battle's roar,  
Bonny lassie, O!

Wilt thou, Julia, when you hear  
Of thy lover on his bier,  
To his mem'ry drop a tear,  
Bonny lassie, O? (J. Sims.)

### THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'.

[Music—at Wybrow's]

The Campbells are comin', O ho! O ho!

The Campbells are comin', O ho! O ho!  
The Campbells are comin' to bonny  
Lochleven,

The Campbells are comin', O ho! O ho!  
Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay,  
Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay;  
I look'd down to bonny Lochleven,  
And heard the bonny pibrochs play,  
The Campbells, &c.

There's great Argyle, he goes before,  
He makes his cannons loudly roar;  
Wi' sound o' trumpet, pipe, and drum,  
The Campbells are comin', O ho! O ho!  
The Campbells, &c.

The Campbells they are a' in arms,  
They loyal faith and truth to shew,  
Wi' banners rattling in the wind,  
The Campbells are comin', O ho! O ho!  
The Campbells, &c.

### GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O!

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

Green grow the rashes, O!  
Green grow the rashes, O!  
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,  
Are spent among the lasses, O!

There's nought but care on every han',  
In ev'ry hour that passes, O;  
What signifies the life o' man,  
And 'twere na' for the lasses, O?  
(Chorus)—Green grow, &c.

The warly race may riches chase,  
An' riches still may fly them, O;  
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,  
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O?

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,  
My arms about my dearie, O;  
An' warly cares, and warly men,  
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this;  
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;  
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,  
He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O!

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears  
Her noblest work she classes, O;  
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,  
An' then she made the lasses, O!  
(Burns.)

### SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's]

The night her silent sable wore,  
And gloomy were the skies,  
Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more  
Than those in Nelly's eyes;  
When to her father's door I came,  
Where I had often been,  
I begg'd my fair, my lovely dame,  
To rise and let me in.

But she, with accents all divine,  
Did my fond suit reprove;  
And while she chid my rash design,  
She but inflam'd my love.  
Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,  
Whilst her bright eyes did roll;  
But virtue had the very power  
To charm my very soul.

Now happy in my Nelly's love,  
Transporting is my joy;  
No greater blessing can I prove,  
So blest a man am I!  
For beauty may awhile retain  
The conquer'd flatter'd heart,  
But virtue only in the chain  
Holds, never to depart.

### KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.

[Music—Cramer, Addison, & Beale's.]

Robin is my only jo;  
Robin has the art to lo'e;  
So to his suit I mean to bow,  
Because I ken he lo'es me.

Happy, happy was the shower,  
That led me to his birken bower,  
Where first of love I fand the power,  
And ken't that Robin lo'ed me.

He's tall and sonsie, frank and free,  
Lo'ed by a', and dear to me;  
Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,  
Because my Robin lo'es me.

Then fly ye lazy hours away,  
And hasten on the happy day,  
When, 'Join your hands,' Mess John  
shall say,  
And mak him mine that lo'es me.

### THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

'Twas on a simmer's afternoon,  
A wee before the sun gaed down,  
My lassie wi' a braw new gown,  
Cam o'er the bill to Gowrie.  
The rose-bud, ting'd with morning  
shower,  
Bloom'd fresh within the sunnie bower,  
But Kitty was the fairest flower,  
That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.

I had nae thought to do her wrang,  
But round her waist my arm I flang,  
And said, "My lassie, will ye gang,  
To view the Carse o' Gowrie?  
I'll tak ye to my father's ha',  
In yon green field beside the shaw  
And make ye lady o' them a',  
The brawest wife in Gowrie."

Soft kisses on her lips I laid,  
The blush upon her cheek soon spread,  
She whisper'd modestly, and said,  
"I'll gang wi' ye to Gowrie."  
The auld folk soon gied their consent,  
And to Mess John we quickly went,  
Wha tied us to our heart's content,  
And now she's Lady Gowrie.

### LOGAN WATER.

[Music—at Monro & May's.]

O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide,  
That day I was my Willie's bride!  
And years sinsyne hae o'er us ran,  
Like Logan to the simmer sun.  
But now thy flow'ry banks appear  
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,  
While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month of May  
Has made our hills and valleys gay;

The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,  
The bees hum round the breathing  
flowers;

Blithe morning lifts his rosy ee,  
And evening's tears are tears of joy:  
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,  
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,  
Amang her nestlings, sits the thrush;  
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,  
Or wi' his song her cares beguile:  
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,  
Nae mate to help, nae mate to  
cheer—

Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,  
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Oh! wae upon you, men o' state,  
That brethren rouse in deadly hate!  
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,  
Sae may it on your heads return!  
How can your flinty hearts enjoy  
The widow's tear, the orphan's cry?  
But soon may peace bring happy days,  
And Willie hame to Logan braes!

(Burns.)

### KITTY O' THE CLYDE.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

A boat danc'd on Clyde's bonny  
stream,  
When winds were rudely blowing;  
There sat what might the goddess  
seem

Of the waves beneath her flowing;  
But no! a mortal fair was she,  
Surpassing a' beside,  
The youths a' spier't the choice to be  
O' Kitty o' the Clyde.

I saw the boatman spread a sail,  
And while his daftness noting,  
The boat was upset by the gale,  
I saw sweet Kitty floating!  
I plung'd into the silvery wave,  
Wi' Cupid for my guide,  
And thought my heart weel lost to  
save

Sweet Kitty o' the Clyde.

But Kitty's aye a high-born fair,  
A lowly name I carry,  
Nor can wi' lordly thanes compare,  
Who woo the maid to marry.  
Yet she na' scornfu' looks on me,  
And joy may yet betide;  
For hope dares flatter mine may be  
Sweet Kitty o' the Clyde.

(C. Dibdin.)

O, DINNA ASK ME GIN I  
LO'E YE.

[Music—Cramer, Addison, & Beale's.]

O, dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye!  
Troth, I darena tell;  
Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye,  
Ask it o' yersel.  
O, dinna look sae sair at me,  
For weel ye ken me true;  
O, gin ye look sae sair at me,  
I darena look at you!

When ye gang to yon braw, braw  
town,  
And bonnier lasses see,  
O dinna, Jamie, look at them,  
Lest ye should mind nae me;  
For I could never bide the lass  
That ye'd lo'e mair than me:  
And O, I'm sure my heart would break,  
Gin ye'd prove fause to me!

THE FLOWERS OF THE  
FOREST.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

I've seen the smiling  
Of Fortune beguiling,  
I've tasted her pleasures, and felt her  
decay;  
Sweet was her blessing,  
And kind her caressing,  
But now they are fled, fled far away!  
I've seen the forest  
Adorn'd the foremost,  
Wi' flowers o' the fairest, baith pleasant  
and gay;  
Sae bonny was their blooming,  
Their scent the air perfuming,  
But now they are wither'd, and a' wede  
away.

I've seen the morning  
With gold the hills adorning,  
And loud tempests roaring before part-  
ing day;  
I've seen Tweed's silver streams  
Glittering in the sunny beams,  
Grow drumlie and dark as they roll'd  
on their way.  
O, fickle Fortune!  
Why this cruel sporting?  
Why thus perplex us poor sons of a  
day?  
Thy frown cannot fear me,  
Thy smile cannot cheer me,  
Since the flowers of the forest are a'  
wede away.

(Mrs. Cockburn.)

THE BRAES ABOON BONAW.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

"Wilt thou go, my bonnie lassie,  
Wilt thou go, my braw lassie,  
Wilt thou go? say ay or no,  
To the braes aboon Bonaw, lassie?  
Tho' Donald hae nae mickle phraise,  
Wi' Lawland speeches fine, lassie,  
What he'll impart comes frae the heart,  
Sae let it be frae thine, lassie.  
Wilt thou go, &c.

"When simmer days cleed a' the braes,  
Wi' blossom'd broom sae fine, lassie,  
At milking sheel we'll join the reel,  
My flocks shall a' be thine, lassie.  
I'll hunt the roe, the hart, the doe,  
The ptarmigan sae shy, lassie;  
For duck and drake I'll beat the brake,  
Nae want shall thee come nigh, lassie.  
Wilt thou go, &c.

"For trout and par, wi' canny care,  
I'll wiley skim the flie, lassie;  
Wi' sic-like cheer I'll please my dear,  
Then come awa' wi' me, lassie."  
"Yes, I'll go, my bonnie laddie,  
Yes, I'll go, my braw laddie;  
Ilk joy and care wi' thee I'll share,  
'Mang the braes aboon Bonaw, laddie."

WE'VE A BONNY WEE  
FLOWER.

[Music—at Monro & May's.]

We've a bonnie wee flower in a far  
countrie,  
In a bright and sunny bower in a far  
countrie;  
Where the sky is ever fair, and the  
myrtle scents the air,  
O, our lovely blossom's there, in a far  
countrie!

May the angels watch the flower in a  
far countrie,  
And tent it every hour in a far coun-  
trie!  
And the nightingale's saft sang, the  
spicy groves amang,  
It's slumbers shall prolong in a far  
countrie.

There's gold to win and spare in a far  
countrie,  
And gems and jewels rare in a far  
countrie;  
But the brightest, purest gem, from a  
fondly-cherish'd stem,  
Is the flow'ret we could name in a far  
countrie.

We may not cross the main to a far  
countrie,  
Nor traverse hill and plain to a far  
countrie;  
But when the primrose springs, and the  
lintwhite sweetly sings,  
O we'll welcome hame our flower from  
a far countrie! (Gilfillan.)

### WALY, WALY UP YON BANK.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

O waly, waly up yon bank,  
And waly, waly down the brae;  
And waly, waly you burnside,  
Where I and my love went to gae.  
I lean'd my back unto an aik,  
I thought it was a trusty tree—  
But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,  
And sae my true-love did to me.

O waly, waly, but love is sweet  
A little time while it is new;  
But when it is auld, it waxeth cauld,  
And fades away like the morning  
dew.

O wherefore should I busk my head?  
Or, wherefore should I kame my  
hair?

For my true-love has me forsook,  
And says, he'll never love me mair!

Now Arthur-seat shall be my bed,  
The sheets shall ne'er be press'd by  
me;

Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,  
Since my true-love's forsaken me.  
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
And shake the green leaves off the  
tree?

O gentle death! when wilt thou come,  
And tak a life that wearies me?

### FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

Is there for honest poverty,  
That hangs his head, and a' that?  
The coward-slave, we pass him by,  
And dare be poor for a' that!

For a' that, and a' that,  
Our toils obscure, and a' that;  
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear hoddin grey, and a' that?  
Gie fools their silk, and knaves their  
wine,

A man's a man for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,  
Their tinsel shew, and a' that;  
An honest man, though e'er so poor,  
Is king o' men for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,  
Wha struts and stares, and a' that;  
Though hundreds worship at his word,  
He's but a coof for a' that!  
For a' that, and a' that,  
His riband, star, and a' that;  
A man o' independent mind  
Can look and laugh at a' that!

A prince can mak a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a' that;  
An honest man's aboon his might,  
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!  
For a' that, for a' that,  
His dignities and a' that;  
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
Are grander far than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will, for a' that,  
When sense and worth, o'er a' the  
earth,

Shall bear the gree, and a' that.  
For a' that, and a' that,  
It's comin' yet, for a' that,  
When man and man, the wide world  
o'er,  
Shall brithers be, and a' that!  
(Burns.)

### MARY'S DREAM.

[Music—at Z. T. Purday's.]

The moon had climb'd the highest hill  
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,  
And, from the eastern summit, shed  
Her silver light on tow'r and tree,—  
When Mary laid her down to sleep,  
Her thoughts on Sandy, far at sea,  
When, soft and low, a voice was heard,  
Saying—"Mary, weep no more for  
me!"

She from her pillow gently rais'd  
Her head, to ask who there might  
be?

She saw young Sandy, shiv'ring, stand,  
With visage pale, and hollow ee!  
"O, Mary, dear, cold is my clay,  
It lies beneath a stormy sea;  
Far, far from thee, I sleep in death:  
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

"Three stormy nights and stormy days  
We toss'd upon the raging main,  
And long we strove our bark to save,  
But all our striving was in vain;



E'en then, when, horror chill'd my  
blood,  
My heart was fill'd with love for  
thee:

The storm is past, and I at rest,—  
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

"O, maiden dear, thyself prepare;  
We soon shall meet upon that shore  
Where love is free from doubt and  
care,  
And thou and I shall part no more!"  
Loud crowd'd the cock, the shadow fled,  
No more of Sandy could she see;  
But, soft, the passing spirit said,  
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for  
me!" (J. Lowe.)

### MY HIGHLAND LASSIE, O!

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,  
Shall ever be my muse's care;  
Their titles a' are empty show;  
Gie me my Highland lassie, O!  
Within the glen sae bushy, O!  
Aboon the plain sae rushy, O!  
I set me down wi' right good will,  
To sing my Highland lassie, O!

Oh! were yon hills and vallies mine,  
Yon palace and yon gardens fine,  
The world then the love should know  
I bear my Highland lassie, O!  
Within the glen, &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,  
And I maun cross the raging sea;  
But, while my crimson currents flow,  
I'll love my Highland lassie, O!  
Within the glen, &c.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,  
I know her heart will never change;  
For her bosom burns with honor's glow,  
My faithful Highland lassie, O!  
Within the glen, &c.

For her I'll dare the billow's roar,  
For her I'll trace a distant shore,  
That Indian wealth may lustre throw  
Around my Highland lassie, O!  
Within the glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,  
By sacred truth and honor's band!  
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,  
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O!  
Farewell the glen sae bushy, O!  
Farewell the plain sae rushy, O!  
To other lands I now must go,  
To sing my Highland lassie, O!  
(Burns.)

### AWA', WHIGS, AWA'!

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Awa', Whigs, awa'! Awa', Whigs,  
awa'!

Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns, ye'll  
do nae guid at a'!

Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair  
and bonny bloom'd our roses,

But Whigs came like a frost in June,  
and wither'd a' our posies!

Awa', Whigs, &c.

Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust,  
deil blind 'em wi' the stoure on't,

And write their names in his black book  
wha gied the Whigs the power on't!

Our sad decay in church and state sur-  
passes my describing;

The Whigs cam owre us for a curse,  
and we hae done wi' thriving!

Awa', Whigs, &c.

Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,  
but we may see him wauken;

Gude help the day when royal heads  
are hunted like a maukin!

Awa', Whigs, awa', &c.

### THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

[Music—at Monro & May's.]

The weary pund, the weary pund,  
The weary pund o' tow;

I think my wife will end her life  
Before she spin her tow.

I bought my wife a stane o' lint,  
As guid as e'er did grow;

And a' that she has made o' that  
Is ae pur pund o' tow!

(Chorus)—The weary pund, &c.

There was a bottle in a hole,

Ayont the ingle low;

And ay she took the ither souk,  
To drouk the stourie tow.

Quoth I, 'For shame, ye dirty dame,  
Gae spin yer tap o' tow!'

She took the rock, and wi' a knock,  
She brak it owre my pow!

"If my wife and thy wife  
Were in a boat thegither,  
Sixty mile frae ony shore,  
Wi' nane to steer the rudder?"

"And if the boat was bottomless,  
And naebody to row?

We ne'er would wish them back again,  
To spin the pickle tow!"



## O, BOTHWELL BANK.

[Music—at D'Almaine &amp; Mackinlay's.]

O, Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair,  
 But, ah! thou mak'st my heart fu' sair;  
 For a' beneath thy woods sae green,  
 My love and I wad sat at e'en.  
 While daisies and primroses mix'd,  
 Wi' blue bells, in my locks he fix'd;  
 O, Bothwell bank, &c.

Sad he left me ae dreary day,  
 And haplie now sleeps in the clay;  
 Without ae sigh his death to moan,  
 Without a flow'r his grave to crown!  
 O whither is my lover gone?  
 Alas! I fear he'll ne'er return!  
 O, Bothwell bank, &c.

## FYE, BUCKLE YER BELT.

[Music—at Monro &amp; May's.]

Fye, buckle yer belt an' braidsword on,  
 An' tak ye the haly rude;  
 And awa' to the clans, for they maun  
 rise,

To fight for their ain heart's bluid.  
 O there's a light on Benedi's tap!  
 It's a blythe, blythe light to me;  
 But there maun be mae to welcome  
 hame

Our Prince to his ain countrie.

Our guid auld wife has climb'd up the  
 hill,

An' a blythe auld bodie is she;  
 She has lighted a peat for Charlie's  
 sake,

An' merry we a' will be.  
 An' here's a sword, an' a trusty ane,  
 Wi' a trusty han' I'll draw;  
 It'll never be sheath'd, it'll never  
 wear rust,

Till we drive the Whigs awa'.

Then buckle, buckle, clansmen, an' on,  
 Our flags like our thistles wave;

Buckle, buckle, buckle, an' on  
 For Prince Charlie or a grave!  
 Charlie's baith our kith and kin',  
 An' by him we'll stand or fa';  
 Charlie claims but a kinsman's help,  
 On, on, my brave clansmen, a'!

## WE'RE A' NODDIN.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

We're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,  
 We're a' noddin, at our house at hame.

Gude e'en to you, Kimmer, and how do  
 ye do?

Hiccup—quo' Kimmer, the better that  
 I'm fou.

We're a' noddin, &c.

Kate sits i' the neuk, sippin' hen broo,  
 Deil take Kate, and she be na noddin  
 too!

We're a' noddin, &c.

How's a' wi' you, Kimmer, and how do  
 ye fare?

A pint o' the best o't, and twa pints  
 mair.

We're a' noddin, &c.

How's a' wi' you, Kimmer, and how  
 do ye thrive?

How mony bairns hae ye?—quo' Kim-  
 mer, I hae five.

We're a' noddin, &c.

Are they a' Johnny's?—Eh! atweel  
 na;

Twa o' them were gotten when Johnnie  
 was awa'.

We're a' noddin, &c.

Cats like milk weel, and dogs like broo,  
 Lads like lasses weel, and lasses lads  
 too.

We're a' noddin, &c.

HE'S OWRE THE HILLS THAT  
I LO'E WEEL.

[Music—at Jefferys &amp; Nelson's.]

He's owre the hills that I lo'e weel,  
 He's owre the hills we darena name;  
 He's owre the hills ayont Dumblane,  
 Wha soon will get his welcome  
 hame.

My father's gane to fight for him;  
 My brithers winna bide at hame;  
 My mither greets, and prays for them,  
 An' 'deed she thinks they're na' to  
 blame.

He's owre the hills, &c.  
 The Whigs may scoff, and the Whigs  
 may jeer,  
 But, ah! that love maun be sincere,  
 Which still keeps true whate'er betide,  
 And for his sake leaves a' beside.

He's owre the hills, &c.  
 His right these hills, his right these  
 plains,  
 O'er Highland hearts secure he reigns;  
 What lads ere did, our laddies will do;  
 Were I a laddie, I'd follow him too!

He's owre the hills, &c.  
 Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,  
 Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae  
 fair;  
 O, did ye but see him, ye'd do as we've  
 done;  
 Hear him but ance, to his standard ye'll  
 run!

### I AM AN AULD SODGER.

[Music—at Wybrow's]

I am an auld sodger just come frae  
 the camp,  
 And hame to the Highlands I am on the  
 tramp;  
 My heart it beats light when I think on  
 the shiel  
 Where I fed upon bannocks o' barley  
 meal.

In the cause o' my country, (my breast's  
 dearest wish,)  
 For ten years and mair, I've had mony  
 a brush;  
 Now peace has reliev'd me, and hame I  
 shall reel,  
 To feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

A drap o' guid whisky, and Nancy my  
 dear,  
 An auld vet'ran comrade to taste o' our  
 cheer—

Will be a reward for my toils in the  
 fiel',

Wi' plenty o' bannocks o' barley meal.

O' a' our auld feats at our leisure we'll  
 crack,

Syne cour down and sleep a' the night  
 like a tap;

Baith care and its cankers may go to  
 the deil,

If I hae good bannocks o' barley meal.

When could winter comes, and the  
 winds rudely blaw,

And cleeds hill and valley, whiles knee-  
 deep wi' snaw,

Wi' ease and content, I'm fu' snug in  
 our shie

Thrang feasting on bannocks o' barley  
 meal.

In simmer, when a' the cauld blasts flee  
 away,

I'll bask in the sun on the gowany  
 brae;

Sometimes to the pipe may be shake  
 my auld heel,

Syne feed upou bannocks o' barley  
 meal.

### GUID NIGHT, AND JOY BE WI' YOU A'.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

The night is my departing night,  
 The morn's the day I maun awa',  
 There's na' a friend or fae o' mine  
 But wishes that I were awa'.  
 What I hae done for lack o' wit,  
 I never, never can reca';  
 I trust ye're a' my friends as yet;  
 Guid night, and joy be wi' ye a'!

Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu,  
 Dear brithers o' the sacred tie!  
 Ye favor'd, ye enlighten'd few,  
 Companions o' my grief and joy!  
 Tho' I to distant lands must hie,  
 Pursuing Fortune's slippery ba',  
 Wi' melting heart, and brimfu' ee,  
 I'll mind ye still, tho' far awa'.

And you, fareweel, whose merits claim  
 The brilliant badges that ye wear,  
 Heav'n bless your honor'd, noble name  
 To friendship and to Scotland dear.  
 A last request permit me here,  
 As oft as ye assemble a',  
 One round, I ask it wi' a tear,  
 To him—the bard that's far awa'!  
 (Burns.)

### COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's]

Gin a body meet a body,  
 Comin' through the rye,  
 Gin a body kiss a body,  
 Need a body cry?  
 Ilka body has a body,  
 Ne'er a ane hae I;  
 But a' the lads they lo'e me weel,  
 And what the waur am I?

Gin a body meet a body,  
 Comin' frae the well,  
 Gin a body kiss a body,  
 Need a body tell?  
 Ilka body, &c.

Gin a body meet a body,  
 Comin' frae the town,  
 Gin a body kiss a body,  
 Need a body frown?  
 Ilka Jenny has her Jockie, &c.

### LEWIE GORDON.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

O, send Lewie Gordon hame,  
 And the lad I darena name;

Though his back be at the wa',  
Here's to him that's far awa'.  
O hon, my Highland man!  
O my bonnie Highland man!  
Weel wad I my true-love ken  
Amang ten thousand Highland men.

O, to see his tartan trews,  
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,  
Philibeg aboon his knee;  
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.  
O hon, &c.

This lovely youth of whom I sing,  
Is fitted for to be a king;  
On his breast he wears a star,  
You'd take him for the God of War.  
O hon, &c.

Oh! to see this princely one  
Seated on a royal throne,  
Disasters a' wad disappear;  
Then begins the jubilee year.  
O hon, &c.

### PRINCE CHARLIE'S LAST VIEW OF SCOTLAND.

[Music—at Monro & May's.]

Farewell to thee, Scotland, thy verdure  
is blighted,  
Thy daisies are steep'd in the blood  
of the slain;  
And I, who thy wrongs with the sword  
would have righted,  
Am toss'd, like a fugitive scurf, on the  
main!  
Impell'd to pursuit, by gold and by  
vengeance,  
My foemen are swift as the storm-  
driven rack;  
From the fierce brutal tribes they've  
selected their engines;  
The beagles and blood-hounds are  
scenting my track.  
Farewell to thee, Scotland! thy hills  
are receding,  
So minions and blood-hounds can  
track as they may;  
But my heart, to its centre, is wound-  
ed and bleeding  
For thousands who fell on Culloden's  
dark day!  
The hill-fox's howl, and the lorn widow's  
wailing,  
Commingle at midnight, 'midst tem-  
pest and rain;  
And the red mountain streamlet, by  
smouldering shieling,  
Brawl fiercely, and hoarsely, the  
dirge of the slain.

The chieftains and heroes, who follow'd  
my banner,  
Are pining in dungeons, and bleaching  
on walls;  
Or, stripp'd of their all, saving con-  
science and honour,  
The grass growing rank on their  
hearths and their halls.  
Farewell to thee, Scotland! thy loftiest  
mountain  
Is fading, and blending with ocean  
and sky;  
I groan—for my tears are dried up at  
the fountain;  
A wand'rer I've liv'd, and a wand'rer  
I'll die! (Vedder.)

### TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,  
That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
Again thou usherest in the day  
My Mary from my soul was torn.  
O Mary, dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his  
breast?  
That sacred hour can I forget?  
Can I forget the hallowed grove,  
Where by the winding Ayr we met,  
To live one day of parting love?  
Eternity will not efface  
Those records dear of transports  
past;  
Thy image at our last embrace;—  
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!  
Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'-  
ning, green;  
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn boar,  
Twin'd amorous round the raptured  
scene.  
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
The birds sang love on every spray,  
Till too, too soon, the glowing west  
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.  
Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry  
wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care;  
Time but the impression deeper makes,  
As streams their channels, deeper  
wear.  
My Mary, dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his  
breast? (Burns.)

# A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN.

[Music—at Z. T. Purday's.]

A Highland lad my love was born,  
The Lawland laws he held in scorn;  
But he still was faithful to his clan,  
My gallant, braw John Highlandman!

## CHORUS.

Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman!  
Sing, ho my braw John Highlandman!  
There's not a lad in a' the lan'  
Was match for my John Highlandman!

With his philibeg and tartan plaid,  
And guid claymore down by his side,  
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,  
My gallant, braw John Highlandman!

They banish'd him beyond the sea,  
But ere the bud was on the tree,  
Adown my cheeks the pearl-drops ran,  
Embracing my John Highlandman!

(Burns.)

## MY JO JANET.

"Sweet sir, for yer courtesie,  
When ye come by the Bass, then,  
For the love ye bear to me,  
Buy me a keeking-glass, then."  
"Keek into the draw-well,  
Janet, Janet;  
And there ye'll see yer bonny sel,  
My jo Janet."

"Keeking in the draw-well clear,  
What if I should fa' in?  
Syne a' my kin will say and swear  
I drown'd mysel for sin."  
"Had the better be the brae,  
Janet, Janet;  
Had the better be the brae,  
My jo Janet."

"Good sir, for your courtesie,  
Comin' thro' Aberdeen, then,  
For the love ye bear to me,  
Buy me a pair o' shoon, then."  
"Clout the auld, the new are dear,  
Janet, Janet;  
Ae pair may gain ye hauf a year,  
My jo Janet."

"But what, if dancing on the green,  
And skipping like a maukin,  
If they should see my clouted shoon,  
Of me they will be taukin."  
"Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,  
Janet, Janet;  
Syne a' their fauts will na' be seen,  
My jo Janet."

"Kind sir, for your courtesie,  
When ye gae to the cross, then,  
For the love ye bear to me,  
Buy me a pacing-horse, then."  
"Pace upo' yer spinning-wheel,  
Janet, Janet;  
Pace upo' yer spinning-wheel,  
My jo Janet."

"My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,  
The rock o't winna stand, sir;  
To keep the temper-pin in tiff,  
Employs aft my hand, sir."  
"Make the best o't that ye can,  
Janet, Janet;  
But, like it, never wale a man,  
My jo Janet."

# THE WELCOME O' THE LILY FLOWER.

[Music—at Monro & May's.]

After sighing, I hope to sing;  
And after winter then comes the spring;  
And after the spring comes the merry  
month of May,  
To welcome in the lilie flower that's  
been sae lang away.

And there will be liltin' frae hill to  
hill,  
And there will be music baith loud and  
shill;  
And a' the little birdies that sing sae  
sweet in May,  
Will welcome in the lilie flower that's  
been sae lang away.

## MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O!

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Will ye gang o'er the lee rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O!  
And cuddle there fu' kindly,  
Wi' me, my kind dearie, O?  
At thorny dyke or birken tree,  
We'll daff, and never weary, O!  
They'll scug ill een frae you and me,  
My ain kind deary, O!

Nae herd wi' kent or colly there,  
Shall ever come to fear ye, O!  
But lav'rocks, whistling in the air,  
Shall woo, like me, their dearie, O!  
While ithers herd their lambs and  
ewes,  
And toil for worldly gear, my jo!  
Upon the lee my pleasure grows  
Wi' thee, my ain kind dearie, O!

At gloamin, if my lane I be,  
 Oh! but I'm wond'rous eerie, O!  
 And mony a heavy sigh I gie,  
 When absent frae my dearie, O!  
 But seated 'neath the milk-white thorn,  
 In evening fair and clearie, O,  
 Enraptur'd, a' my cares I scorn,  
 When wi' ain my kind dearie, O!

Where through the birks the burnie  
 rows,  
 Aft hae I sat fu' cheerie, O,  
 Upon the bonny greensward howes,  
 Wi' thee, my ain kind dearie, O!  
 I've courted till I heard the crow  
 Of honest Chanticleerie, O;  
 Yet never miss'd my sleep ava,  
 When wi' my ain kind dearie, O!

For though the night were ne'er sae  
 dark,

And I were ne'er so wearie, O;  
 I'd meet thee on the lee rig,  
 My ain kind dearie, O!  
 While in this weary world of woe,  
 This wilderness sae drearie, O,  
 What makes me blythe, and keeps me  
 sae?  
 'Tis thee, my ain kind dearie, O!

### LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

[Music—Cramer, Addison, & Beale's.]

A chieftain to the Highlands bound,  
 Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry,  
 And I'll give thee a silver pound,  
 To row us o'er the ferry."  
 "Now, who be ye, would cross Loch-  
 gyle,  
 This dark and stormy water?"  
 "Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,  
 And this, Lord Ullin's daughter:

"And fast before her father's men,  
 Three days we've fled together,  
 For, should he find us in the glen,  
 My blood would stain the heather;  
 His horsemen hard behind us ride,  
 Should they our steps discover,  
 Then who would cheer my bonny  
 bride,  
 When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,  
 "I'll go, my chief—I'm ready;  
 It is not for your silver bright,  
 But for your winsome lady:  
 And by my word, the bonny bird  
 In danger shall not tarry.  
 So—tho' the waves are raging white—  
 I'll row you o'er the ferry!"

By this the storm grew loud apace,  
 The water-wraith was shrieking,  
 And, in the scowl of Heaven, each face  
 Grew dark as they were speaking;  
 But still as wilder blew the wind,  
 And as the night grew drearer,  
 A-down the glen rode armed men,  
 Their trampling sounded nearer!

"Oh, haste thee, haste!" the lady  
 cries—

"Though tempests round us gather,  
 I'll meet the raging of the skies,  
 But not an angry father!"  
 The boat has left a stormy land,  
 A stormy sea before her,  
 When oh! (too strong for human  
 hand!)

The tempest gather'd o'er her!

And still they row'd, amidst the roar  
 Of waters fast prevailing,  
 Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,  
 His wrath was chang'd to wailing;  
 For, sore dismay'd, through storm and  
 shade,  
 His child he did discover:  
 One lovely arm was stretch'd for aid,  
 And one was round her lover!

"Come back! come back!" he cried  
 in grief,

"Across this stormy water,  
 And I'll forgive your Highland chief,  
 "My daughter!—oh, my daughter!"  
 'Twas vain!—the loud waves lash'd the  
 shore,

Return or aid preventing;  
 The waters wild went o'er his child—  
 And he was left lamenting!

(Campbell.)

### MY NANNIE, O!

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

Behind yon hills where Lugar flows,  
 'Mang muirs and mosses many, O;  
 The wintry sun the day has clos'd,  
 And I'll awa to Nannie, O!  
 The westlin' wind blows loud and  
 shill,  
 The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;  
 But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll  
 steal,  
 And owre the hills to Nannie, O!

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and  
 young,  
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;  
 May ill befa' the flatt'ring tongue  
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O!



Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
As spotless as she's bonnie, O;  
The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,  
Nae purer is than Nannie, O!

A country lad is my degree,  
And few there be that ken me, O;  
But what care I how few there be?  
I'm welcome, ay, to Nannie, O!  
My riches a's my penny fee,  
And I maun guide it cannie, O;  
But warly gear ne'er troubles me,  
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O!

Our auld gudeman delights to view  
His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;  
But I'm as blythe that hauds his  
plough,  
And has nae care but Nannie, O!  
Come weel, come wo, I care na' by,  
I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O;  
Nae ither care in life have I,  
But live, and love my Nannie, O!  
(Burns.)

### THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKED HORN.

[Music—at Hawes's.]

O were I able to rehearse  
My ewie's praise in proper verse,  
I'd sound it out as loud and fierce  
As ever piper's drone could blaw.

#### CHORUS.

The ewie wi' the crooked horn,  
Well deserv'd baith grass and corn;  
Sic an ewie ne'er was born,  
Hereabouts, or far awa'.

I neither needed tar nor keil,  
To mark her on her hip or heel,  
Her crooked horn it did as weel,  
To ken her by among them a'.

I look'd aye at even for her,  
For fear the fumart might devour her,  
Or some mishanter had come o'er her,  
If the beastie bade awa'.

Yet Monday last, for a' my keeping,  
(I canna speak it without mourning.)  
A villain came when I was sleeping,  
An' staw my ewie, horn, and a'.

I sought her sair upon the morn,  
And down beneath a bush o' thorn,  
I found my ewie's crooked horn,  
But ah! my ewie was awa'!

O, all ye bards beneath kinghorn,  
Ca' up your muses, let them mourn;  
Our ewie wi' the crooked horn  
Is stown frae us, and fell'd, and a'!

### WHA'LL BUY CALLER HERRING?

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Wha'll buy caller herring?  
They're bonny fish, and halesome farin',  
Wha'll buy caller herring?  
Now drawn frae the Forth.  
When ye were sleeping on your pil-  
lows,  
Dream'd ye aught of our puir fellows,  
Darkling, as they faced the billows,  
A' to fill the woven willows?  
Buy my caller herring! &c.

Wha'll buy my caller herring?  
They're na' brought here without brave  
daring;  
Buy my caller herring!  
Ye little ken their worth;  
Wha'll buy my caller herring?  
O, ye may call them vulgar farin',  
Wives and mithers, maist desparing,  
Ca' them lives o' men.

Wha'll buy my caller herring?  
They're bonny fish, and halesome farin',  
Wha'll buy caller herring,  
Just haul'd thro' wind and rain?  
O, a' our lads at herring-fishing,  
Costly vampum, dinner dressin',  
Sole nor turbot, how distressin'!  
Fine folk oft scorn shoals o' blessin';  
Buy my caller herring!  
Tho' ye may ca' them vulgar farin',  
Buy my caller herring,  
Just haul'd thro' wind and rain.

Wha'll buy my caller herring?  
But what they've cost ye're little carin',  
Buy my caller herring?  
That's aye the puir man's friend;  
Wha'll buy my caller herring?  
But what they've cost ye're little carin',  
Siller canna pay for the lives o' honest  
men.

### THE BRAW, BRAW LADS O' GALLA WATER.

[Music—at Monro & May's.]

There's braw, braw lads on Yarrow  
braes,  
That wander through the blooming  
heather;  
But Yarrow braes nor Ettrick shaws  
Can match the lads o' Galla water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,  
Aboon them a' I love him better;  
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,  
The bonnie lad o' Galla water.



Altho' his daddie was nae laird,  
And tho' I hae nae meikle tocher,  
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,  
We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,  
That coft contentment, peace, or  
pleasure;

The bands and bliss o' mutual love—  
O that's the chiefest warly treasure!  
(Burns.)

### WIDOW, ARE YE WAKIN?

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

"O! wha's that at my chamber-door?"

"Fair widow, are ye wakin?"

"Auld carl, your wily suit give o'er,  
Your love lies a' in taukin."

"Gie me a lad that's young and tight,  
Sweet like an April meadow;

'Tis sic as he can bless the sight  
And bosom of a widow."

"O! widow, wilt thou let me in?

I'm pawky, wise, and thrifty,

And come of a right gentle kin;

I'm little mair than fifty."

"Daft carl, dit you your mouth,

What signifies how pawky,

Or gentle born you be,—bot youth?

In love you're but a gawkey."

"Then, widow, let these guineas speak,

That powerfully plead clinkan;

And if they fail, my mouth I'll steek,

And na mair love will think on."

"These court, indeed, I maun confess;

I think they make you young, sir,

And ten times better can express

Affection than your tongue, sir."

### THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

Oh! I am come to the Low countrie,

Ochon, ochon, ochrie!

Without a penny in my purse

To buy a meal to me.

It was nae sae in the Highland hills,

Ochon, ochon, ochrie!

Nae woman in the country wide

Sae happy was as me!

For then I had a score o' kye,

Ochon, ochon, ochrie!

Feeding on yon hill sae high,

And bringing milk to me:

And there I had threescore o' ewes,

Ochon, ochon, ochrie!

Skipping on yon bonny knowes,

And casting woo' to me.

I was the happiest o' the clan,

Sair, sair, may I repine;

For Donald was the bravest man,

And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie he came owre at last,

Sae far, to set us free;

My Donald's arm was wanted then,

For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell;

Right to the wrang did yield;

My Donald and his country fell

Upon Culloden field!

Ochon, ochon! oh, Donald, oh!

Ochon, ochon, ochrie!

Nae woman in this warld sae wide

Sae wretched now as me!

### AULD ROB MORRIS.

[Music—at Monro & May's.]

There's auld Rob Morris that wons in  
yon glen,

He's the king o' guid fellows, and wale  
o' auld men;

He has gowd in his coffers, he has  
owsen and kine,

And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and  
mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest  
in May,

She's sweet as the e'ening among the  
new hay;

As blythe and as artless as the lamb  
on the lea,

And dear to my heart as the light to my  
ee.

But, O she's an heiress! auld Robin's a  
laird;

And my daddie has nought but a cot-  
house and yard;

A wooer, like me, mauna hope to come  
speed,

The wounds I must hide that will soon  
be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings  
me nane;

The night comes to me, but my rest it  
is gane;

I wander my lane like a night-troubled  
ghaist,

And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in  
my breast.

O, had she but been of lower degree,  
I then might ha' hoped she wad smile  
upon me!  
O, how past describing had then been  
my bliss,  
As now my distraction no words can  
express. (Burns.)

### THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Up amang yon clifty rocks,  
Sweetly rings the rising echo,  
To the maid that tends the goats,  
Lilting o'er her native notes:  
Hark! she sings, "Young Sandy's kind,  
An' he promis'd aye to lo'e me;  
Here's a brotch I ne'er shall tine,  
Till he's fairly married to me:  
Drive away, ye drone, Time,  
An' bring about our bridal day.

"Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,  
Aften does he blaw the whistle  
In a strain sae softly sweet,  
Lammies, listening, darena bleat.  
He's as nimble as the roe,  
Hardy as the Highland heather;  
Wading thro' the winter snaw,  
Keeping a' his flocks thegither:  
Wi' a plaid o' tartan blue,  
He braves the bleakest norland blast.

"Brawly he can dance, and sing  
Canty glee or Highland cronach;  
Nane can ever match his fling  
At a reel, or round a ring.  
Wightly can he wield a rung,  
In a brawl he's aye the bangster;  
A' his praise can ne'er be sung  
By the longest-winded sangster.  
Sangs that sing o' Sandy braw,  
Seem short, tho' they were e'er sae  
lang.

### THE MILL, MILL, O.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

When wild war's deadly blast was  
blawn,  
And gentle peace returning,  
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,  
And mony a widow mourning;  
I left the lines and tented field,  
Where lang I'd been a lodger,  
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,  
A poor, but honest sodger.  
A leal, light heart was in my breast,  
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;

And for fair Scotia hame again,  
I cheery on did wander.  
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,  
I thought upon my Nancy,  
I thought upon the witching smile  
That caught my youthfu' fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,  
Where early life I sported;  
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,  
Where Nancy aft I courted;  
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,  
Down by her mother's dwelling!  
And turn'd me round to hide the flood  
That in my ee was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, "Sweet  
lass,  
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,  
O! happy, happy may he be,  
That's dearest to thy bosom!  
My purse is light, I've far to gang,  
And fain wad be thy lodger;  
I've serv'd my king and country lang,  
Tak pity on a sodger!"

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,  
And lovelier was than ever;  
Quo' she, "A soldier ance I lo'ed,  
Forget him shall I never:  
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,  
Ye freely shall partake it,  
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,  
Ye're welcome for the sake o't."

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—  
Syne pale like ony lily;  
She sank within my arms, and cried,  
"Art thou my ain dear Willie?"  
"By him who made yon sun and sky  
By whom true-love's regarded,  
I am the man; and thus may still  
True lovers be rewarded.

"The wars are o'er, and I'm come  
hame,  
And find thee still true-hearted;  
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,  
And mair we'se ne'er be parted."  
Quo' she, "My grandsire left me gowd,  
A mailen plenish'd fairly;  
And come, my faithful sodger lad,  
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!"

For gold the merchant ploughs the  
main,  
The farmer ploughs the manor;  
But glory is the sodger's prize,  
The sodger's wealth is honour;  
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,  
Nor count him as a stranger,  
Remember he's his country's stay  
In day and hour of danger.

(Burns.)

## AULD ROBIN GRAY.

[Music—at Jefferys &amp; Nelson's.]

## RECITATIVE.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the  
kye come hame,  
And a' the weary warld asleep is gane,  
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers  
frae my ee,  
While my gudeman sleeps sound by  
me.

## AIR.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and ask'd  
me for his bride,  
(But saving a crown) he had naething  
else beside;  
To mak the crown a pound, my Jamie  
went to sea,  
And the crown and the pound were  
baith for me.  
He had nae been gane a year and a day,  
When my father brak his arm—and  
our cow was stown away;  
My mither she fell sick, and Jamie was  
at sea,  
And Auld Robin Gray came a-courting  
to me.  
My father could na' work, and my  
mither could na' spin;  
I toiled day and night, but their bread I  
could na' win;  
Auld Rob fed 'em baith, and wi' tears  
in his ee,  
Said, "Jenny, for their sake, oh! pray  
marry me!"  
My heart it said na', for I look'd for  
Jamie back,  
But the wind it blew hard, and his ship  
was a wrack;  
His ship was a wrack! why did na'  
Jenny dee?  
And why was I spared to cry out, Wae  
is me!  
My father urg'd me sair, my mither did  
na' speak,  
But she look'd i' my face till my heart  
was like to break;  
Sae they gied him my hand, while my  
heart was on the sea,  
And Auld Robin Gray was gudeman to  
me.  
I had nae been a wife, but weeks only  
four,  
When mournfully I sat on the stane at  
the door—  
I saw my Jamie's wraith, I could nae  
think it he,  
Till he said, "Love, I've come hame to  
marry thee."

Sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did  
we say,  
We took but ane kiss, and tore our-  
sels away;  
I wish that I were deed, but I'm nae  
like to dee;  
O, why was I born to say—Wae is me!  
I gang like a ghaist, I canna like to  
spin;  
I dare na' think of Jamie, for that  
would be a sin:  
But I'll even do my best a gude wife to  
be,  
While Auld Robin Gray is gudeman to  
me! (Lady A. Lindsay.)

## JENNY AND JAMIE;

(A Continuation of "Auld Robin Gray.")

The winter days grew lang, my tears  
they were a' spent,  
(May be it was despair—I fancied 'twas  
content.)  
They said my cheek was wan, I could  
na' look to see,  
For oh! the wee bit glass, my Jamie  
gied it me!  
My father he was sad, my mither dull  
and wae,  
But that which griev'd me maist, it was  
Auld Robin Gray:  
Though ne'er a word he spak, his cheek  
said mair than a',—  
It wasted like a brae o'er which the  
torrents fa'!  
He gaed into his bed, nae physick wad he  
take,  
And aft he moan'd, and said, " 'Tis bet-  
ter for her sake;"  
At length he look'd upon me, and call'd  
me his "ain dear,"  
And beckon'd round the neebours as if  
his hour drew near;  
"I've wrang'd her sair," he said, "but  
ken't the truth owre late,  
It's grief for that alane that hastens now  
my date;  
But ah! it's for the best, sin' death will  
shortly free  
A young and faithfu' heart that ill was  
match'd wi' me.  
"I lov'd, and sought to win her, for  
mony a lang day.  
I had her parents' favour, yet still she  
said me nay;  
I knew na' Jamie's love, and oh! it's  
sair to tell—  
To force her to be mine, I steal'd her  
cow mysel."

Oh! what cared I for crummie? I  
 thought of nought but thee!  
 I thought it was the cow that stood  
 'twixt luvè and me;  
 While she maintain'd ye a', was ye not  
 heard to say,  
 That ye wad never marry wi' Auld  
 Robin Gray?

"But sickness in the house, and hunger  
 at the door,  
 My bairn gied me her hand, altho' her  
 heart was sair;  
 I saw her heart was sair, why did I tak  
 her hand?  
 That was a sinfu' deed to blast a bonnie  
 land.  
 It was na' very lang ere a' did come to  
 light,  
 For Jamie he came back, and Jenny's  
 cheek grew white;  
 My spouse's cheek grew white, but true  
 she was to me,  
 Jenny, I saw it a', and I am glad to  
 dee;—

"Is Jamie come?" he said, and Jamie  
 by us stood;  
 "Ye love each other weel—oh, let me  
 do some guid:  
 I gie ye a', young man—my housen,  
 cattle, kyne,  
 And the dear wife hersel, that should  
 na hae been mine."  
 We kiss'd his clay-cold hands—a smile  
 came owre his face,  
 "He's pardoned," Jamie said, "before  
 the throne o' grace;  
 O, Jenny, see that smile! forgien, I'm  
 sure, is he,—  
 Wha could wi'stand temptation when  
 hoping to win thee?"

The days at first were dowie; but what  
 was sad and sair,  
 While tears were in my ee, I ken't  
 mysel nae mair;  
 For oh, my heart was light as ony bird  
 that flew,  
 And wae as a' thing was, it had a kindly  
 hue.  
 But sweeter shines the sun than e'er he  
 shone before,  
 For now I'm Jamie's wife, and what  
 need I say more?  
 We hae a wee bit bairn, the auld folks  
 by the fire,  
 And Jamie, oh, he loe's me, up to my  
 heart's desire.

(Lady A. Barnard.)

## THOU'LT BE AYE MY DEARIE.

[Music—at Paterson & Roy's.]

Give me but thy love, and I  
 Envy none beneath the sky;  
 Toils and moils gae lightly by,  
 If thy smiling cheer me:  
 Were thy hand but mine, my sweet,  
 All my wishes were complete;  
 Pleasures come, and cares retreat,  
 When my Mary's near me.

Mary, twa lang years hae flown  
 Since yon second-sighted crone  
 Tauld that you should be my own—  
 Mind ye o' that noo, love?  
 Why then should we langer wait,  
 Ye be coy, or I be blate?  
 Life's best joys lie in the gait,  
 And round the hearth of true-love.

Underneath ae shepherd's plaid,  
 Twa wee bairns, to school we gaed,  
 And at gloamin hame we stray'd,  
 Owre each bank and brae, then;  
 Pawky blue were aye your een,  
 Twelve lang years since we hae seen,  
 Mind ye, lass, ye're noo nineteen,—  
 Dinna say me nay then.

Simmer now has stown away,  
 Lanesome night shuts out the day,  
 Cranreuch cleeds at morn the brae,  
 Winter's lang and eerie:  
 Come, then, be my bonny bride;  
 Come, and cheer my ingle side;  
 Weal or woe, whate'er betide,  
 Thou'lt be aye my dearie.

## O, FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM!

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

And O, for ane and twenty, Tam!  
 And hey sweet ane and twenty,  
 Tam!

I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,  
 An' I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

They snool me sair, and haud me  
 down,

And gar me look like bluntie, Tam;  
 But three short years will soon wheel  
 roun',

And then comes ane and twenty,  
 Tam!

(Chorus)—And O, &c.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,  
 Was left me by my auntie, Tam  
 At kith or kin I needna spier,  
 Gin I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,  
 Tho' I mysel hae plenty, Tam;  
 But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,  
 I'm thine at ane and twenty, Tam.  
 (Burns.)

### MUIRLAND WILLIE.

[Music—at Monro & May's.]

Harken, and I will tell you how  
 Young Muirland Willie came to woo,  
 Though he could neither say nor do,

The truth I tell to you.  
 "But ay," he cries, "whate'er betide,  
 Maggy I'se hae to be my bride."  
 (Chorus)—Fal la, &c.

On his gray yade as he did ride,  
 Wi' durk and pistol by his side,  
 He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,  
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee,  
 Out o'er yon moss, out o'er you muir,  
 Till he came to her daddie's door.

"Gudeman," quoth he, "be ye within?  
 I'm come your dochter's love to win;  
 I care na' for making meikle din;

What answer gie ye me?"  
 "Now, wooer," quoth he, "would ye  
 light down,  
 I'll gie ye my dochter's love to win.

"Now, wooer, sin ye are lighted down,  
 Where do ye win, or in what town?  
 I think my dochter winna gloom  
 On sic a lad as ye."

The wooer he stept up to the house,  
 And wow but he was wond'rous crouse.

"I have three owsen in a plough,  
 Twa good gaun yades, 'and gear  
 enough;

The place they ca' it Cadeneugh;  
 I scorn to tell a lie:

Besides, I hae, frae the great laird,  
 A peat-pat, and a lang kail-yard!"

The maid pat on her kirtle brown,  
 She was the bravest in a' the town;  
 I wat on him she did na' gloom,

But blink it bonnilie.  
 The lover he stended up in haste,  
 And gript her hard about the waste.

"To win your love, maid, I'm come  
 here;

I'm young, and hae enough o' gear;  
 And for mysel you need na' fear,

Troth try me whan ye like."  
 He took aff his bannet, and spat in his  
 chow,  
 He dighted his gab, and he prie'd her  
 mou.

The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu' la',  
 She had na' will to say him na',  
 But to her daddie she left it a',  
 As they twa could agree.  
 The lover he gied her the tither kiss,  
 Syne ran to her daddie, and tell'd him  
 this.

"Your dochter wad na' say me na'  
 But to yoursel she has left it a',  
 As we cou'd 'gree between us twa;  
 Say, what'll ye gie me wi' her?"  
 "Now, wooer," quoth he, "I hae nae  
 meikle,  
 But sic's I hae ye'se get a pickle.

"A kilnfu' of corn I'll gie to thee,  
 Three souns of sheep, twa good milk  
 kye,  
 Ye's hae the wadding dinner free;  
 Troth I dow do na' mair."  
 "Content," quoth he, "a bargain be't;  
 I'm far frae hame, mak haste, let's  
 do't."

The bridal-day it came to pass,  
 Wi' mony a blythsome lad and lass;  
 But sicken a day there never was,  
 Sic mirth was never seen.  
 This winsome couple straked hands,  
 Mess John tied up the marriage bands.

And our bride's maidens were na' few,  
 Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew;  
 Frae tap to tae they were braw new,  
 And blink it bonnilie.

Their toys and mutches were sae clean,  
 They glanced in a' our ladses' een.

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and sic din,  
 Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him;  
 The minstrels they did never blin  
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee.

And ay they bobit, and ay they bekt,  
 And ay their wames together met.

### MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

O meikle thinks my luv o' my beauty,  
 And meikle thinks my luv o' my  
 kin;

But little thinks my love I ken brawlie,  
 My tocher's the jewel has charms for  
 him.

It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the  
 tree;

It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the  
 bee;

My laddie's sae meikle in luv wi' the  
 siller,

He canna hae luv to spare for me.



Your proffer o' luv's an airt-penny,  
 My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;  
 But an' ye be crafty, I am cunnin,  
 Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.  
 Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten  
 wood,  
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten  
 tree;  
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,  
 And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae  
 nor me. (Burns.)

### DINNA FORGET!

[Music—at Paterson & Roy's.]

O, "Dinna forget!" 'tis the voice of a  
 spell,  
 Charming up thoughts of fond lovers'  
 farewell;  
 And heaving the heart, with remember'd  
 regret,  
 Love's parting wish and words, "Dinna  
 forget!"  
 As breathes the bright shell of its own  
 native sea,  
 These words ever murmur of Mary to  
 me;  
 Of the burn where sae aft in the gloamin  
 we sat,  
 And the beach where we parted, wi'  
 "Dinna forget!"  
 'Tis the music of mem'ry—it comes in  
 mine ear,  
 And brings the past present—the far-  
 distant near;  
 I see her pale cheek wi' the parting  
 tear wet,  
 I hear her saft voice whisper, "Dinna  
 forget!"  
 The birth of the flowers that spangle  
 the spring,  
 The wild glen—the greenwood where  
 simmer birds sing,  
 Recall scenes and moments of bliss  
 when we met—  
 Repeat her last warning words, "Dinna  
 forget!"  
 I hear, thro' the hush of the eve's starry  
 hour,  
 In the murmuring brook, in the whis-  
 pering bower,  
 In the cushat-dove's coo when the sun-  
 beams have set,  
 The echo of long ago, "Dinna forget!"  
 By the tears of our parting, that flow'd  
 big and fast,  
 By the pain of the present the thoughts  
 of the past,—

By the hopes of the future, whatever  
 beset,  
 Shall prosper her prayer of "Dinna  
 forget!" (J. Inliah.)

### TOUCH NOT THE NETTLE.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

Touch not the nettle, lest it should  
 sting thee;  
 Waly sae green as the bracken  
 grows;  
 Love not the lad that ye canna win,  
 For the bands o' love they are ill to  
 loose.  
 Love smiles sweetly in youth's early  
 morning;  
 Waly sae green as the bracken  
 grows;  
 But aft has he varied from kindness to  
 scorning,  
 Tho' the bands o' love they are ill  
 loose.  
 See how the green leaves in summer  
 drop round ye,  
 And sear, sear in Autumn the  
 bracken grows;  
 Then trust not Love's smiles, and his  
 frowns cannot wound ye,  
 For the bands o' love they are ill to  
 loose.

### THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain,  
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me,  
 Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,  
 Alas! she ne'er believes me.  
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,  
 Unheeded, never move her;  
 The bonny bush aboon Traquair,  
 'Twas there I first did love her.  
 That day she smil'd, and made me  
 glad,  
 No maid seem'd ever kinder;  
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,  
 So sweetly there to find her.  
 I tried to sooth an am'rous flame,  
 In words that I thought tender;  
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to  
 blame,  
 I meant not to offend her.  
 Yet now she scornful flies the plain,  
 The fields we then frequented;  
 If e'er we meet, she shows disdain,  
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.



The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,  
Its sweets I'll aye remember;  
But now her frowns make it decay,  
It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my strains,  
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?  
Oh! make her partner in my pains,  
Then let her smiles relieve me.  
If not, my love will turn despair,  
My passion no more tender;  
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,  
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

(Crawford.)

### THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

[Music—Cramer, Addison, & Beale's.]

The winter it is past,  
And the summer's come at last,  
And the small birds sing on every  
tree;

The hearts of those are glad,  
But mine is very sad,  
For my true-love has parted from me.

The rose upon the brier,  
By the waters running clear,  
May have charins for the linnet or  
the bee;

Their little loves are blest,  
And their little hearts at rest,  
But my true-love is parted from me.

My love is like the sun,  
That in the firmament does run,  
For ever so constant and true;  
But his is like the moon,  
That wanders up and down,  
And every month is new.

All you that are in love,  
And cannot it remove,  
I pity the pains you endure;  
For experience makes me know  
That your hearts are full of woe,  
A woe that no mortal can cure.

(Burns.)

### QUEEN MARY'S LAMENT.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

I sigh and lament me in vain,  
These walls can but echo my moan,  
Alas! it increases my pain,  
When I think of the days that are  
gone.

Through the grate of my prison I see  
The birds, as they wanton in air;  
My heart how it pants to be free,  
My looks they are wild with despair.

Above, though oppress'd by my fate,  
I burn with contempt for my foes;  
Though Fortune has altered my state,  
She ne'er can subdue me to those:  
False woman! in ages to come,  
Thy malice detested shall be,  
And when we are cold in the tomb,  
Some heart will still sorrow for me.

Ye roofs, where cold damps and dismay  
With silence and solitude dwell,  
How comfortless passes the day,  
How sad tolls the evening bell!  
The owls from the battlements cry,  
Hollow winds seem to murmur  
around!

'O Mary! prepare thee to die!'  
My blood it runs chill at the sound.

### TARRY WOO'.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

Tarry woo', O tarry woo',  
Tarry woo' is ill to spin;  
Card it weel, O card it weel,  
Card it weel ere ye begin;  
When it's carded, row'd, and spun,  
Then the work is haffins done;  
But when woven, drest, and clean,  
It may be cleading for a queen.

Sing, my bonny, harmless sheep,  
That feed upon the mountains steep,  
Bleating sweetly as ye go,  
Thro' the winter's frost and snow!  
Hart and hind, and fallow-deer,  
Na' by hauf sae usefu' are;  
Frae kings to him that hauds the pleugh,  
A' are obliged to tarry woo'.

Up, ye shepherds! dance and skip,  
O'er the hills and valleys trip;  
Sing in praise o' tarry woo',  
Sing the flocks that bear it too;  
Harmless creatures, without blame,  
That clead the back, and cram the wame,  
Keep us warm and hearty fu',  
Leeze me on the tarry woo'.

Now happy is the shepherd's life,  
Far frae courts and free o' strife,  
While the gimmers bleat and bae,  
And the lambkins answer inae.  
No such music to his ear;  
Of thief or fox he has no fear;  
Sturdy kent, and colly too,  
Weel defend the tarry woo'.

He lives content, and envies none,  
Not e'en a monarch on his throne;  
Tho' he the royal sceptre sways,  
Has not sweeter holidays.

Wha'd be a king, can ony tell,  
When a shepherd sings sae well?  
Sings sae well, and pays his due,  
Wi' honest heart and tarry woo'.

### SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

She's fair and fause that causes my  
smart,

I lo'ed her meikle and lang;  
She's broken her vow, she's broken my  
heart,

And I may e'en gae hang.  
A coof cam in wi' rowth o' gear,  
And I hae tint my dearest dear;  
But woman is but warly gear,  
Sae let the bonnie lassie gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,  
To this be never blind—  
Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,  
A woman has't by kind;  
O woman lovely, woman fair!  
An angel form's faun to thy share;  
'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee  
mair,  
I mean—an angel mind. (Burns.)

### LOCH ERROCH SIDE.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

As I cam by Loch Erroch side,  
The lofty hills surveying,  
The water clear, the heather blooms,  
Their fragrance sweet conveying—  
I met, unsought, my lovely maid,  
I found her like May morning,  
With graces sweet, and charms so  
rare,  
Her person all adorning.

How kind her looks, how blest was I,  
While in my arms I press'd her!  
And she her wishes scarce conceal'd,  
As fondly I caress'd her.  
She said, "If that your heart be true,  
If constantly you'll love me,  
I heed not cares nor fortune's frowns,  
For nought but death shall move  
me.

\* But faithful, loving, true, and kind,  
For ever you shall find me,  
And of our meeting here so sweet  
Loch Erroch side will mind me."  
Enraptur'd then, "My lovely lass,"  
I cried, "no more we'll tarry,  
But leave the fair Loch Erroch side,  
For lovers soon should marry."

### MAGGY O' BUCCLEUCH

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

O cam ye thro' the forests green,  
By Yarrow's mountains wild an'  
blue?

O saw ye beauty's rural queen,  
The bonny Maggy o' Buccleuch?  
For Maggy is the bonniest flower  
On Yarrow braes that ever grew,  
That ever grac'd a vernal bower,  
Or frae the gowan brush'd the dew.

But oh! it's na' her comely face,  
Nor blink o' joy that's in her ee,  
Nor her enchanting form o' grace,  
That mak's the lassie dear to me;  
Na', na', it's not the cherry lip,  
The rosy cheek an' lily chin,  
Which the wild bee wad like to sip,—  
'Tis the sweet soul that dwells within.

I hae been up the cauld rife north,  
'Mang hills an' dells o' frozen brine,  
As far as reels the rowin earth,  
An' far ayont the burning line;  
But a' the lasses e'er I saw,  
For modest mien an' lovely hue,  
There was na' ane amang them a',  
Like bonny Maggy o' Buccleuch.

(Hogg.)

### COME, GANG AWA' WI' ME.

[Music—at Ransford's.]

O come, my love, the moon shines  
bright

Across yon rippling sea;  
Come, let thy heart be gay and light,  
And hasten, love, wi' me.

'Tis mony a night sin' first we met  
Beneath the greenwood tree;  
Then let thy heart be lighter yet,  
Come, gang awa' wi' me.

O tarry not, my only love,  
I've pledg'd myself to thee;  
And by yon stars that shine above,  
For ever thine I'll be.

'Tis mony a night sin' first we met  
Beneath the greenwood tree,  
Then say, ere yonder stars have set,  
Thou'lt gang awa' wi' me.

Thy features are sae fair, my love,  
Thy mind is ever free,  
O let thy willing heart still prove  
The love thou bear'st to me.  
'Tis mony a night sin' first we met  
Beneath the greenwood tree,  
Then say, ere yonder stars have set,  
'I'll gang awa' wi' thee.'

(E. Ransford.)

## BIDE YE YET.

[Music—at D'Almaine &amp; Mackinlay's.]

Gin I had a wee house, and a canty wee fire,  
 A bonnie wee wife to praise and admire—  
 A bonnie wee yardy, aside a wee burn—  
 Farewell to the bodies that yammer and mourn!

## CHORUS.

Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,  
 Ye little ken what may betide ye yet;  
 Some bonny wee body may be my lot,  
 And I'll aye be canty wi' thinking o't.

When I gang a-field, and come hame at e'en,  
 I'll see my wee wiffee fu' neat and fu' clean;

And a bonnie wee bairnie upon her wee knee,  
 And baith gie a hearty gude welcome to me.

And if there should happen ever to be  
 A difference atween my wee wiffee and me,

In hearty guid humour, altho' she be teaz'd,

I'll kiss her and hug her until she be pleas'd!

## THERE WAS A LASS.

There was a lass, and she was fair,  
 At kirk' and market to be seen,  
 When a' the fairest maids were met,  
 The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And ay she wrought her mammie's wark,  
 And ay she sang sae merrilie;  
 The blithest bird upon the bush  
 Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys  
 That bless the little lintwhite's nest;  
 And frost will blight the fairest flowers,  
 And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the bravest lad,  
 The flower and pride o' a' the glen;  
 And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,  
 And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,  
 He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;  
 And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,  
 Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream  
 The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en;

So trembling, pure, was tender love,  
 Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she warks her mammie's wark,  
 And ay she sighs wi' care and pain;  
 Yet wist na' what her ail might be,  
 Or what wad mak her weel again.

But did na' Jeanie's heart loup light,  
 And did na' joy blink in her ee,  
 As Robie tauld a tale o' love,  
 Ae e'ening on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,  
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;  
 His cheek to hers he fondly prest,  
 And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

"O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;  
 O canst thou think to fancy me?  
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,  
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me?"

"At barn or byre thou shalt na' drudge,  
 Or naething else to trouble thee;  
 But stray among the heather-bells,  
 And tent the waving corn wi' me."

Now what could artless Jeanie do?  
 She had nae will to say him na';  
 At length she blush'd a sweet consent,  
 And love was ay between them twa.

(Burns.)

## FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've heard of a liltin'  
 At our ewes' milking,  
 Lasses a' liltin' before the break o'  
 day;

But now there's a moaning  
 On ilka green loaning,  
 That our braw foresters are a' wede  
 away.

At bughts in the morning  
 Nae blithe lads are scorning,  
 The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and  
 wae;

Nae daffing, nae gabbing,  
 But sighing and sabbing,  
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her  
 away.

At e'en in the gloamin,  
 Nae swankies are roaming,  
 'Mang stacks with the lasses at bogles  
 to play,

But ilk ane sits dreary,  
 Lamenting her deary;  
 The flowers of the forest are a' wede  
 away.

At hairst at the shearing  
 Nae youngers are jeering,  
 The bansters are runckl'd, lyart, un'  
 grey;

At fairs, or at preaching,  
Nae wooing, nae fleeching,  
Since our braw foresters are a' wede  
away.

O dool for the order,  
Sent our lads to the border,  
The English for ance by guile gat the  
day;

The flowers of the forest,  
That ay shone the foremost,  
The prime of our land lies cauld in the  
clay.

We'll hear nae mair liltin'  
At our ewes' milking,  
The women and bairns are dowie and  
wae,

Sighing and moaning,  
On ilka green loaning,  
Since our braw foresters are a' wede  
away.

### DUNCAN GRAY.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

Duncan Gray came here to woo,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
On blithe Yule night when we were  
fu',

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
Maggie coost her head fu' high,  
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,  
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd;  
Ha, ha, &c.

Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,  
Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan sighed baith out and in,  
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',  
Spak o' loupin' o'er a linn;  
Ha, ha, &c.

Time and chance are but a tide,  
Ha, ha, &c.

Slighted love is sair to bide,  
Ha, ha, &c.

Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,  
For a haughty bizzie dee?  
She may go to—France for me!  
Ha, ha, &c.

How it comes let doctors tell,  
Ha, ha, &c.

Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,  
Ha, ha, &c.

Something in her bosom wrings,  
For relief a sigh she brings;  
And, O! her een they spak such  
things!  
Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,  
Ha, ha, &c.

Maggie's was a piteous case,  
Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan could na' be her death,  
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath,  
Now they're crouse and canty baith,  
Ha, ha, &c. (Burns.)

### MERRY MAY THE KEEL ROW.

[Music—at Hawes's.]

As I came down the Cannon-gate,  
The Cannon-gate, the Cannon-gate—  
As I came down the Cannon-gate,  
I heard a lassie, sing, O!  
Merry may the keel row,  
The keel row, the keel row,  
The ship that my love's in, O!

My love has breath o' roses,  
O' roses, o' roses—  
Wi' arms o' lillie posies,  
To fauld a lassie in, O!  
Merry may, &c.

My love he wears a bonnet,  
A bonnet, a bonnet—  
A snawy rose upon it,  
A dimple on his chin, O!  
Merry may, &c.

### THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

(Air—"Farewell to Banff.")

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,  
On every blade the pearls hang;  
The Zephyr wanton'd round the bean,  
And bore its fragrant sweets along.  
In every glen the mavis sang,  
All nature listening seem'd the while,  
Except where greenwood echoes rang  
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless steps I onwards stray'd,  
My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,  
When, musing in a lonely glade,  
A maiden fair I chanced to spy;  
Her look was like the morning's eye,  
Her air like nature's vernal smile,  
Perfection whisper'd, passing by,  
'Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!'

Fair is the morn in flowery May,  
And sweet is night in Autumn mild,  
When roving thro' the garden gay,  
Or wandering in a lonely wild;  
But woman, nature's darling child!  
There all her charms she does compile:  
Even there her other works are foild  
By the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

O had she been the country maid,  
And I the happy country swain,  
Though shelter'd in the lowest shed  
That ever rose on Scotland's plain;  
Through weary winter's wind and rain,  
With joy, with rapture I would toil,  
And nightly to my bosom strain  
The bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slippery  
steep,

Where fame and honors lofty shine;  
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,  
Or downward sink the Indian mine.

Give me the cot below the pine,  
To tend the flocks, or till the soil,  
And every day have joys divine  
Wi' the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

(Burns.)

### GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

It was about the Martinmas time,  
(And a guid time it was then, O.)  
When our guidwife had puddings to  
make,  
And she boil'd them in the pan, O.

The wind it blew baith cauld and raw,  
And it blew into the floor, O;  
Quoth our guidman to our guidwife,  
"Get up and bar the door, O."

"My hand is in my bussy'f-skap,  
Guidman, as ye may see, O;  
Shou'd it nae be barr'd this hunder year,  
It's nae be barr'd for me, O."

They made a paction 'tween them twa,  
They made it firm and sure, O,  
That the first of them that spoke a word,  
Should rise and bar the door, O.

Then by there came twa gentlemen,  
At twelve o'clock at night, O,  
And they could see nor house nor ha,  
Nor coal nor candle light, O.

"Now, whether is this a rich man's  
house,

Or whether is't a poor, O?"  
But never a word wad ane o' them  
speak,

For barring o' the door, O.

Then first they ate the white puddings,  
And syne they ate the black, O;  
Though muckle thought the guidwife to  
hersel,

Yet ne'er a word she spak, O.

Then said the one unto the other,—

"Here, man, tak ye my knife, O;  
Do you tak off the auld man's beard,  
And I'll kiss the guidwife, O"

"But there's nae water in the house',  
And what shall we do then, O?"

"What ails ye at the pudding-bree,  
That boils into the pan, O?"

O, up then started our guidman,  
(An angry man was he, O;)

"Will ye kiss my wife before my een,  
And scald me wi' pudding-bree, O?"

O, up then started our guidwife,  
Gied three skips on the floor, O;

"Guidman, you've spoke the foremost  
word,  
Get up and bar the door, O!"

### THE POSIE.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Mackinlay's.]

O love will venture in where it dare na'  
weel be seen,

O love will venture in, where wisdom  
ance has been;

But I will down yon river rove, amang  
the wood sae green,

And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear  
May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o'  
the year,

And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o'  
my dear,

For she's the pink o' womankind, and  
blooms without a peer;

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear  
May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phoebus  
peeps in view,

For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet  
bonnie mou;

The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its  
unchanging blue;

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear  
May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,  
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the  
lily there;

The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected  
air,

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear  
May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o'  
siller grey,

Where, like an aged man, it stands at  
break o' day;

But the sangster's nest within the hush  
I winna tak away;

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear  
May.



The woodbine I will pu' when the evening star is near,  
 And the diamond-drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear;  
 The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear,  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' love,  
 And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,  
 That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove,  
 And this will be a posie to my ain dear May. (Burns.)

### AULD GUDAMAN, YE'RE A DRUNKEN CARLE.

"Auld gudeman, ye're a drunken carle, drunken carle,  
 A' the lang day ye wink and drink, and gape and gaunt;  
 O' sottish loons ye're the pink an' pearl, pink an' pearl,  
 Ill-fared, doited, no'er-do-weel."

"Hech, gudewife! ye're a flytin' body, flytin' body;  
 Will ye hae, but, gude be praised, the wit ye want,  
 The puttin cow should be aye a doddy, aye a doddy,  
 Make na sic an awsome reel."

"Ye're a sow, auld man,  
 Ye get fou, auld man,  
 Eye for shame, auld man,  
 To your wame, auld man,  
 Pinched I win, wi' spinnin tow  
 A plack to cleed your back and pow."

"It's a lie, gudewife,  
 It's your tea, gudewife,  
 Na, na, gudewife,  
 Ye spend a', gudewife;  
 Dinna fa' on me pell-mell,  
 Ye like the drap fu' weel yoursel'."

"Ye's rue, auld gowk, your jest and frolic, jest and frolic,  
 Dare ye say, goose, I ever liked to tak a drappy?  
 An' 'twerna just for to cure the cholic, cure the cholic,  
 Deil a drap wad meet my mou."

"Troth, gudewife, an' ye wadna swither, wadna swither,  
 Soon, soon to tak a cholic, when it brings a drap o' cappy,

But twa score years we have fought thegither, fought thegither,  
 Time it is to gree, I trow."

"I'm wrang, auld John,  
 Owre lang, auld John,  
 For nought, gude John,  
 We hae fought, gude John;  
 Let's help to bear ilk ither's weight,  
 We're far owre feckless, now to fight."

"Ye're right, gude Kate,  
 The night, gude Kate,  
 Our cup, gude Kate,  
 We'll sup, gude Kate;  
 Thegither frae this hour we'll draw,  
 And toom the stoup atween us twa!"  
 (Sir A. Boswell.)

### THE BONNETS OF BLUE.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

Here's a health to them that's awa';  
 Here's a health to them that's awa';  
 And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,  
 May never guid luck be their fa'!  
 It's guid to be merry and wise,  
 It's guid to be honest and true;  
 It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,  
 And bide by the Bonnets so true.

#### CHORUS.

Hurrah for the Bonnets so true,  
 Hurrah for the Bonnets of Blue!  
 It's guid, &c.

Here's a health to them that's awa',  
 Here's a health to them that's awa';  
 Here's a health to the chief of each bold Highland clan,  
 Altho' that his band be but sma'!  
 Here's freedom to him that would read,  
 And freedom to him that would write;  
 There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,  
 But they whom the truth would indict.

Here's a health to them that's awa',  
 Here's a health to them that's awa';  
 Here's Liberty's laws in Old Scotland's cause,  
 O'er Highlands, and Lawlands, and a'!  
 Here's friends on baith sides o' the Forth,  
 And friends on baith sides o' the Tweed;  
 And wha wad betray Old Albion's rights,  
 May they never eat of her bread!  
 (Burns.)



## JEANNIE.

(Air—"O, Bothwell bank.")

The spring is ganging far awa',  
 And simmer's in its track again;  
 The autumn very soon will fa',  
 And winter will come back again.  
 And Jeannie hath a winsome ee,  
 An' lips that aye can smack again,  
 An' Donald he in vain doth try  
 From me to win her back again.

When we twa hae been to the kirk,  
 For gowd she ne'er shall lack again,  
 Nae dool e'er in her mind shall lurk,  
 For pleasure will be back again.  
 For Jeannie's like the merry spring,  
 Guid spirits she'll ne'er lack again;  
 Like birds, she'll in the simmer sing,  
 Now I am wi' her back again.

But na' like autumn's waning time,  
 When low'ring clouds look black again,  
 And verdant trees begin to pine,  
 Till lovely spring comes back again.  
 For Jeannie's nae like winter snaw,  
 Or frost that speeds its track again,  
 For warmlly doth her bosom glow,  
 Now I am wi' her back again.

(J. H. Jewell.)

## FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

Scenes of woe, and scenes of pleasure,  
 Scenes that former thoughts renew,  
 Scenes of woe, and scenes of pleasure,  
 Now a sad and last adieu!

Bonny Doon, sae sweet, and gloamin,  
 Fare thee weel before I gang!  
 Bonny Doon, whare, early roaming,  
 First I weav'd the rustic sang!

Bowers, adieu! whare love, decoying,  
 First intrall'd this heart o' mine,  
 There the safest sweets enjoying—  
 Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine!

Friends, so near my bosom ever,  
 Ye hae render'd moments dear;  
 But, alas! when forc'd to sever,  
 Then the stroke, O how severe!

Friends! that parting tear reserve it,  
 Tho' 'tis doubly dear to me!  
 Could I think I did deserve it,  
 How much happier would I be!

Scenes of woe, and scenes of pleasure,  
 Scenes that former thoughts renew;  
 Scenes of woe, and scenes of pleasure,  
 Now a sad and last adieu!

(Burns.)

## JOHNNIE COPE.

(The following should be introduced as the 3rd, 4th, &amp; 5th verses—See p. 9.)

"Now, Johnnie, be as good as your word,  
 Come let us try baith fire and sword,  
 And dinna rin awa' like a frighted bird,  
 That's chas'd frae its nest i' the mornin'."

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,  
 He thought it wadna be amiss  
 To hae a horse in readiness,  
 To flee awa' i' the mornin'

"Fy now, Johnnie, get up and rin,  
 The Highland bagpipes make a din,  
 It's best to sleep in a hale skin,  
 For 'twill be a bluidie mornin'."

## THE BIRDIES WHISTLING.

The birdies whistling on the sprays,  
 They hae nae care to fear 'em, O,  
 The little lambkins on the braes,  
 They seek for sport to cheer 'em, O.

Then why should we o' nobler sense,  
 Sit lanely and fu' dreary, O,  
 Nae, let us rise and gang frae hence,  
 An' be like them fu' cheerie, O.

For if in life there were nae joys  
 To make us blithe and cannie, O,  
 We were but as some gilded toys  
 To please the way'ring many, O.

The country lad behind the pleugh,  
 Few things has he to vex him, O,  
 An' if he rins at something new,  
 The smile o' Jenny checks him, O.

An' if our fancy takes a flight,  
 The scenes of life are varied, O,  
 In a' we'll find a new delight,  
 Then why should we be scared, O?

Syne suff your pipes and cloud the air,  
 An' push about the toddy, O,  
 Our souls are left to wiser care,  
 Whyles we leuk to the body, O.

## THE CHIEFTAIN'S LULLABY.

[Music—at Paterson &amp; Roy's.]

Hush thee, babe!—the stag is belling  
 On Benarte, dim and lone;  
 Hush, O hush!—the hounds are yelling,  
 Who at morn will cheer them on?  
 Ere the sun o'er red Culloden  
 Clos'd the Stuarts' fateful day,  
 Many a gallant breast was trodden  
 By the war-horse with the clay.

Morning saw the Prince before us,  
 Plum'd and starr'd in Highland pride;  
 Tell, ye winds, that wander o'er us,  
 Who at night were by his side!  
 Stones are rear'd, and yew-trees waving,  
 O'er each kirk's green bed of rest;  
 But the storm alone is raving  
 O'er your sire (our chieftain)'s breast.

While the bells of town and city  
 Rent, with merry peals, the air,  
 Nought was ours, except the pity  
 Strangers gave to our despair!  
 Hush! and slumber; night is dinging  
 Darkness over land and sea;  
 Sleep!—a day may dawn yet, bringing  
 Cheerier hearts to us and thee!

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### Sketch of the Adventures of Prince Charles.

As it may be interesting to the reader to know the circumstances which occasioned the production of the celebrated Jacobite Songs of Scotland, it will be as well to give a sketch of the memorable rebellion in the year 1745. While George the Second was in Germany, endeavouring to restore tranquillity, and to disconcert the hostile measures of France, the French court resolved on sending Prince Charles Edward Stuart (son of the Pretender, and grandson of James II., the last king of the Stuart race who reigned in England), with supplies necessary for the invasion of Scotland, and to assert his father's right to the British throne; intending, by this means, to draw the attention of the English troops from the Continent. It had been represented that multitudes, attached to the House of Stuart, were ready to take up arms, and to assist in the scheme; and Charles, landing at the Isle of Mull, was soon joined by several of the influential Highland clans. At this period, the Jacobite Songs (so called from the supporters of the Stuarts being named Jacobites, on account of their adherence to James the Pretender) were widely circulated, such as "Welcome, Royal Charlie," and others descriptive of the Prince's landing, and the warm attachment of his followers. Charles, joined by the Camerons and Macdonalds, and a powerful addition of recruits, marched towards Edinburgh. The alarm now spread to London; where the nobility, clergy, and City companies entered into subscriptions to assist the Government in arresting his progress; and, among other volunteers, the judges, barristers, law-students, &c., formed themselves into a troop, the chief-justice as colonel, and were exercised in the halls of their respective inns of court; showing the King they could use their arms as well as their tongues. General Sir John Cope, with a number of troops, was immediately dispatched to the north; but as the very name of the Highlanders spread terror as they advanced, Cope, after reconnoitering their positions, retired towards Edinburgh. Preparations were made to fortify that city, but Charles entered it without opposition; and the song of "Loons, ye maun gae hame," alludes to the services of its defenders being unnecessary. As Cope was encamped in the neighbourhood, he challenged Charles, and the two armies met at Prestonpans; where, in a very short time, the Highlanders, after seizing the artillery, put Sir John and his troops to the rout, whose flight is so humourously described in "Johnnie Cope." This victory, added to the Prince's handsome person, and his affability, rendered him a great favourite with the fair sex and gave rise to "Charlie is my darling," and "The women are a' gane wud (mad). Charles, after this, advanced into England as far as Manchester, intending to march upon London; but the chiefs disagreeing, they returned to Scotland. The Duke of Cumberland had by this time returned from Flanders, and advanced to meet Charles, who retreated farther north: they met on Culloden plains, and a desperate conflict ensued, ending in the total defeat of Charles's party. The Duke's troops pursued them, and massacred men, women, and children. The Prince fled: a reward of £30,000 was offered for his head; but an intrepid young female, named Flora Macdonald, succeeded in conveying him, disguised as her waiting-maid, to Skye. The "Two bonny maidens" then parted; and Charles, resuming his male attire, wandered for nearly six months among the wilds of Glengary. He trusted himself during that time with at least fifty different persons, the poorest of whom could not be induced to betray him. The ballad, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!" pathetically describes his sufferings. He ultimately escaped to the Continent. Among the persons apprehended for taking part in this rebellion, 53 suffered death, including three Scotch noblemen.







